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CAPITOL CHAT.

INFORMATION OF A WEEK FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

A Brief Review of What Government of Officials are Doing for the Country's Good.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12, 1892.—Mr. Harrison finds it more and more difficult as the campaign grows more interesting to boss the republican machine from out of the way Loon Lake, so he will this week return to the White House, where he can watch and direct ever move made. He thought seriously at one time of taking up his residence in New York city during the rest of the campaign in order to make certain that his orders were carried out but he was finally made to see that it was more politic to remain in Washington and pretend to be engrossed with his executive duties.

"South Dakota", said a gentleman just from democratic headquarters in New York, "has been cleverly taken out of the republican column by an arrangement made a day or two ago by Representatives of the democratic and of the people's party. In that state there are three fully organized parties, and when they vote for separate tickets the republicans have the plurality. A Democrat who is a member of the national committee conceived idea of a fusion between the democratic and peoples' party in the state, both to support the peoples' state ticket and the four presidential electors to be equally divided, and after considerable negotiation the fusion has been agreed upon." If this gentleman's news is trustworthy, and I have every reason to believe that it is, Cleveland and Stevenson will get two electorial votes that have not been counted upon.

The same gentleman assured me that all the republican talk about the failure of Mr. Cleveland to harmonize certain alleged discordant elements in the democratic party of New York was the veriest bosh. Said he: "Before the first of October it will be so plain that the most sanguine republican will have to acknowledge that the democratic party of New York is harmoniously working to carry that state for Cleveland, and what is more to the point, they are going to succeed in doing it."

Ex-Treasurer Huston, of Indiana, is in Washington on a political mission, and it is significant that he admits that the chance of the republicans to carry that state is largely dependent upon the outcome of their efforts to have the court declare the present apportionment law of the State unconstitutional. He also admits that there is republican dis-affection in the state. This is in marked contrast to the claim everything tone, of the Indiana republicans who have come to Washington since Harrison was renominated.

General A. S. Duford, of Virginia, a prominent railroad man, says about politics in his state: "I do not think the third party will cut much of a figure in the Virginia campaign this year. It appears to be weakening every day, and I think, the democracy will carry the state very cleverly for Cleveland.

According to the information received here the peoples party is also "weakening every day" in all the rest of the southern states, and the danger which was apprehended at one time on account of its existance is now regarded as very very small. The issue between the democratic and republican parties is so sharply drawn in this campaign that no man who has ever been a democrat feels like aiding indirectly the republican party by casting a vote for a ticket which he knows can by no combination of circumstances win.

No one need be surprised if a big war scare be shortly sprung on the country as an aid to Mr. Harrison's candidacy. Admiral Walker has been sent to Venezuelan waters in the cruiser Chicago, under sealed orders which there is reason to believe practically instructs him to take steps which will be almost certain to be objected to by German and British war vessels already in those waters, if they do not bring about actual hostilities. Amiral Walker will find the Concord and Kearsage at La Gusyra when he gets there and they, with the Chicago, will make a formidable fighting trio. The story as it reaches me is that a trumped up claim charging European vessels with having violated the Monroe doctrine during the Venezuelan revolution is to be made the basis of a lot of spread eagleism on the part of Admiral Walker, who is to sail around with a chip on his shoulder daring the foreigners to knock it off, and hoping all while that they will.

Mr. Wanamaker has accepted the two bids of the Inman line of steamers for carrying European mail, the price being in both bids $4, per mile. The Inman people were evidently acting by the card when they got and American registry from Congress for those two big steamers; without the American registery the company could not have bid and these fat contracts could not have secured. Of course no republican high in authority put the managers of the Inman line "on to" this little racket.

The Editor and His Free Passes.

Never was harbored a more absurdly false idea than the one so often heard expressed that newspaper men have free passes on the railroads and free tickets to the theatres, shows, ect. There may be railroad mangers and there may be proprietors of opera houses so large-hearted and unbusiness like as to give away transportation and tickets of admission, but we have yet to become acquainted with them. There is not a newspaper man in the United States worthy of the name who rides a mile on a railroad or is admitted into any opera house without the rendering of the full equivalent therefore. Yet they are compelled to bear the indignity of being classed as "dead heads."

If they are "dead heads" then is every individual who pays for a railroad or admission ticket the rankest of "dead heads." It is customary with newspapers in this country to contract with railroad and opera house managers to accept transportation and admission in lieu of cash in payment of advertising, and when the books are balanced at the end of the year it is not found that the newspaper men have got the best of the deal. Though a cash transaction on both sides, with equal amount of service, would be a good deal of money in the pockets of the newspapers, they do not complain; but it is hardly fair when they are themselves the givers, if any one is, that they should be stigmatized as "dead heads" by the ignorant and thoughtless.—*Millersville Free Press.*

THE RESULT IN VERMONT.

Nearly complete returns from the Vermont election show that the Republican loss is much greater than it was at first reported.

The Republicans have lost fully 10,000 from their vote and their plurality in 1888, for the Democrats polled substantially the same vote that they did four years ago—within 300 or 500.

The Republican vote in September, 1888, was 48,522. This year, in spite of McKinley's tour and Federal appeals, it will scarcely reach 38,000, the smallest in more than twenty years.

The Republican plurality four years ago was 29,000. This year it will not exceed 10,000.

The cordon is drawn about the ocean entrance to New York as close as it is possible. The port physician in deference to the President's circular will quarantine all vessels from infected ports 20 days at the least, and as much longer as in his judgment is necessary. There are ten steamers now on their way from Hamburg, all of which on arrival will go into quarantine for 20 days. The dead line about the infected vessels is no fiction, and all communication with them must be through the quarantine authorities. There are on board statesmen and politicians, actresses and divines, millionaires and merchants, ladies of fashion and wealth as well as the immigrants. So far as can be learned the regulations are well adapted to the emergency and the cholera is kept in check.

The fact that the founders of the government, such as Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Madison, favored protection of the industries, and established a tariff for that purpose, which is referred to by the present tariff supporters as a justification for their policy, is rather a condemnation of the extreme to which they have carried the protected system. When the industries were actually in their cradle and required nursing, the early fathers of the government found that a tariff that averaged from 8 to 17 per cent. was all that was necessary for the purpose. What would they think of duties ranging from 60 to 100 per cent. that are now claimed to be necessary for industries that have attained mature growth, and, in consequence of excessive protection, have assumed the character of monopolies?

The grangers' picnic was not favored with the accustomed good weather, this week. Monday was cloudy, and Tuesday a rain storm set in, making it uncomfortable for all on the ground. One side of auditorium tent was blown in Tuesday afternoon which caused a flutter of excitement, as there was a crowd under the tent, and speaking was going on. A few sustained slight injuries. Two years ago, at midnight, a violent rain storm blew down the auditorium and a number of other tents, leaving the occupants in a drenching rain.

——A full line of latest styles in gents furnishing goods has been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte. A bargain in every purchase made.

THE CHOLERA.

The Number of Cases of Cholera and Deaths Appallingly Large.

HAMBURG, Sept. 11.—The cholera epidemic continues to rage in this city and hundreds of persons are daily being stricken with the pestilence and the total of the death list is growing appallingly larger and larger. Yesterday 310 new cases and 161 deaths were reported here, but of this number 117 cases and 46 deaths had occurred previously. The relief fund employed in palliating the wide-spread misery and suffering caused by the ravages of the plague now reaches the sum of $162,500 The Socialists are chiefly used as distributors of the relief, which is given to needy persons in the form of food, coal and clothes.

The Socialist organ Echo calls upon the government to start relief works by means of which worthy persons in destitute circumstances may obtain money to procure the necessaries of life for themselves and their families. Large kettles have been placed in the public squares for the purpose of distributing boiled water gratuitously to the public so as to avert as far as possible further infection from the use of contaminated water containing germs of the disease. In addition to this eighteen breweries have combined to distribute boiled spring water among the houses of the poor.

In the wrangles at Chicago between Republican office-holders about closing a gambling race course some queer developments have come out. Under the pressure of a judicial investigation, Mayor Washburne, on Tuesday last, testified in court under oath that he had been approached with the offer of a huge bribe. The proprietors of the Hawthorne racetrack offered to pay into the Republican campaign fund $50,000 in cool cash if the authorities would close the Garfield track, a rival concern. The offer was made through the chief of police. The authorities made several attempts to close the Garfield track, and after three persons had been killed succeeded in doing so. The mayor was its friend; the chief of police operated in the interest of the rival track. Since then they have arranged their differences and exchanged polite notes; but the question remains, did the $50,000 get into the Republican campaign chest?

THE GREAT REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

Half Rates by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at Washington September 19th to 24th, 1892. The occasion will undoubtedly attract the largest number of veterans ever assembled on a similar occasion, and the review will be the most imposing demonstration ever witnessed in this country since the historic review of the army in 1875. It will be the event of a lifetime, as never again will be so large a gathering of old soldiers in any city of the land.

In order that every one may witness the grand spectacle the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all principal stations on its system, September 13th to 20th, valid for return until October 10th, 1892, at a *single fair* for *the round trip*. Ample facilities will be afforded for the prompt movement of all visitors.

The Sticker Drops Out.

The election "sticker," so familiar about the polls on election days of years past, and such a bugaboo to the confident candidate, will not figure so prominently in future exercises of the franchise, owing to the adoption by various States of reform ballot laws. Both the New York and New Jersey laws permit the use of stickers, and in New Jersey, after the first year, more were used than before. The Pennsylvania law, which goes into effect at the next general election, is silent on the matter of stickers.

Precaution of the Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has issued the following notice: "If at any time a case of infectious disease is found at a station, in a passenger car or elsewhere on the company's property, a physician should be immediately sent for. The car should be removed from the train as soon as practicable, the doors locked, and it should not again be used until it has been fumigated."

Tuesday's rain was greatly needed. The waters were getting low and the fields sowed with wheat as well as those not yet sowed, wanted rain, which is now supplied, and our farmers feel encouraged thus far—their seeding will show up well for the fall.

Senator Sharon, of Nevada, in a letter announces that he cannot support Harrison. Heretofore Nevada has been in the Republican column, but this year it will not be there.

PENDIMG STRIKE.

A THREATENED STRIKE ON THE READING R. R.

The Reading Railroad Men Will Possibly Go on an Exteneded Strike.

All the chief officers of the railroad unions of the entire country have been summond to Philadelphia to confer with Chairman Clapp of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Grievance Committee. The people sent for include Chief P. M. Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, F. P. Sargent of the firemen, P. H. Morissey of the brakemen, S. A Wilkinson of the trainmen, John Ramsey of the telegrahers and Chief Clark of the conductors. The only person who has thus far declined to come is Chief Sargent, who is detained in Cincinnati during the Natiohal Convention of Firemen.

The question at issue between the company and its employes, Mr. Clapp said, was not one of hours or of wages. President McLeod has said that it is a rule of the company that no man applying for a position will be given employment unless he will say he is not a member of a labor organization. He says that this rule is not to apply to men who are already in the employ of the company.

He does not say, however, that in case a man at present in the employ of the company who may be a member of a labor organization and may be suspended, will not upon application to resign his membership in the organization as a condition of reinstatement.

"The whole thing is a fight of capital against organized labor; indeed against organization of any kind, except that which is in and of the company. The company has as much right to say that its employes shall not be members of the order of Odd Fellows or Masons or any other society of the kind as it has to say they shall not be members of a labor organization.

"Then our objection to being compelled to join the Reading Relief Association must appear to any dispassionate person just. In the first place the amount paid to the family of a member of that association who dies, while in the service of the company, is but $1,000 at an expense of $3 per month, while that paid by the Brotherhood for the same cause for the same money is $3,000."

Hill to Speak for Cleveland.

Whatever doubt has existed as to the attitvde of Senator David B. Hill would assume in the Presidential contest that is now on was dispelled when the announcement was made that he would be the principal speaker at the big Democrstic mass meeting that is to be held next Monday evening in the Brookly Academy of Music. A number of other prominent speakers will be present, and the meeting will be the opening of the Cleveland and Stevenson campaign in the city of Churches.

Of all the absurdities ever heard of that of boycotting the public schools at Homestead is the most palpable. Six non-union children have detained scores of union children from going to school, with the approbation of the parents of the latter. Who is punished? Of course the children deprived of schooling.

The cholera statistics show that 2,337 new cases of the disease and 1,869 deaths occurred throughout Russia on Sunday. There were 81 cases and 30 deaths reported, in St. Petersburg.

The Corbett-Sullivan slug being over and the cholera subject getting stale, what will the big dailies next fill up with? They have had the cholera pretty badly, pages of alarm, daily, keeping the people in a scare, sufficient to bring on an attack.

McKinley went to Maine and talked up his tariff. The Maine farmers, on Tuesday replied at the polls by giving the Republicans a reduced majority.

Maine and Vermont favor a quarantine against tariff-taxes.

The present presidential campaign is the most quiet and orderly since the foundation of the government. All campaigns should be thus—let the people read and think and there will be no need of demagogues to fire them up.

The low Republican majorities in Vermont and Maine, indicate that those people do not favor a high tariff.

——A car load of scenery and mechanical effects with Chas. Haswee's "Silver King Co," Sept. 20 in Garmans Opera House.

——A guarantee goes with all goods purchased at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and when a purchase is made it can be depended upon as reliable.

WHERE BALLOTS WILL BE CAST.

New Polling Booths may not all be Ready by Election Day.

Fear is expressed among political leaders that all the necessary machinery required under the Baker ballot reform law cannot be finished by the time of the election in November. Twenty-three thousand booths and annexes will be necessary. The contractors have been working day and night on these appliances for the last three months, and have been able to furnish only about 13,000, leaving 10,000 to be made within the next sixty days. Many of the most populous counties of the State, including Lackawanna, Lancaster and Luzerne, have not yet filed their orders for their quota booths.

The County Comissioners of Philadelphia waited until last Tuesday before giving theirs. It will require 600 voting booths for that city besides 600 portable steel polling houses. Four factories are at work in this state, one in Michigan and one in Wisconsin making booths to meet the demands in the counties of Pennsylvania.

The following counties have been furnished booths and annexes: Delaware, 409; Allegheny, 2,722; Mifflin, 110; Franklin, 273; Pike, 58; Centre, 234; Fulton, 55: Montgomery, 667: Bedford, 210; Bucks, 440; Cumberland, 261; Northampton, 460; Wyoming, 108; Cameron, 41; Forest, 59; Montour, 86; Clinton, 156; McKean, 258; Venango, 258; Columbia, 192; Dauphin, 548; Jefferson, 294; York, 554; Lehigh, 415; Lebanon, 265; Cambria, 369; Armstrong, 245; Westmoreland, 590; Adams 183; Chester, 503; Snyder 96; Northumberland, 309; Sullivan, 52; Juniata, 85; Lycoming, 394; Union, 99; Potter, 152; Monroe, 113.

The State pays for the booths, annexes and guard rails, while the expenses of supplying ballot boxes, polling boxes, polling houses and extra large table is borne by the counties. The booths costs $4.75 a apiece and the annexes $4.50 each. This is the maximum price, and was fixed by the State Commission, which estimates the total cost of booths and annexes at $110,000. The regulation length of a guard rail has been fixed at fifteen feet, although in hundreds of districts it will be necessary to have rails from eighteen to twenty-one feet. The price of guard rails has been fixed at $4.80 each.

COST OF BALLOT BOXES.

The ballot boxes are sold at $3 apiece. It will be necessary to have 6,000 boxes. Many of the counties are adopting a regular size table on account of the large ballot boxes.

All the booths, ballot boxes, guard-rails and tables are shipped by the contractors to the Board of County Commissioners at the county seats and distributed under their direction. The distributing of these appliances by the County Commissioners involves a great amount of work and expense.

Outside of Philadelphia there will be no polling houses used. These houses are very expensive and are only calculated for use in districts in which there are no rooms large enough to admit of setting up the number of booths necessary.

New Postal Money Orders.

This month the new postal money orders will go into use. The system is such that there is little or no complication, and at the same time it is a good way to send money. A sheet calling for amounts from one cent to $3 has been prepared, and which on payment of one cent and the amount to be sent, will be torn off about the same as an express order. There will be no writing on it by the postmaster, the sender endorsing it as a check or draft. The government guarantees its safe transportation. It is thought that the new system will be used extensively by senders of small amounts.

Look Out For Him.

A fraud was discover doing up the housekeepers of Milton on Saturday morning, says the Milton *Record*. Procuring a bottle of pure extract of vanilla from Krauser Bros., he went down to Alleman's drug store and purchased some coloring and chocolate and compounded the preparation at a pump near by. He then started out to sell the mixture as pure extract of vanilla, exhibiting the genuine as a sample. He was caught up at his trick and arrested, but for some reason permitted to leave town. The same afternoon he was working the racket on the unsuspecting citizens of West Milton, and later was heading toward New Columbia. There is one sure protection againt all these frauds—don't buy from them. Get what you want from responsible dealer. You save money in the end.

——Lewins' stock of spring and summer clothing is unequaled in the county. He has a larger stock than ever to select from and of latest styles and cuts The prices never were as low.

CELEBRATE THE DISCOVERY.

Governor Pattison Calls for Appropriate Services on October 21.

The following proclamation was issued by Governor Pattison Saturday afternoon:

Whereas, In accordance with the joint resolution of the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, the President of the United States, by proclamation, has appointed Friday, October the 21st, 1892, the four hundreth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a general holiday for the people of the United States.

And Whereas, The President has recommended that the people, on that day, as far as possible, cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life.

And Whereas, The commonwealth of Pennsylvania has a special interest in this anniversary by reason of the magnificent progress made by the people of the state during the centuries since the discovery.

Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, governor of the state of Pennsylvania, do recommend Friday, the 21st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two as a general holiday. On that day in the school house, in the church, and other places of assembly of the people, let there be appropriate services, teaching loyalty to our country, and gratitude for the divine benediction which has so abundantly blessed our people.

WHERE THE BOUNTY GOES.

Who gets the bounties afforded by a duty of nearly 100 per cent. on woolens?

We have already shown from the admission of a manufacturing tailor interviewed by the *Tribune*, that the total labor cost in his clothing 34½ per cent., while the protection is 75 per cent. The duty thus covers not merely the "difference in wages between this country and Europe,' but the entire labor cost and 42 per cent besides.

The census bulletin on woolen manufactures makes a similar disclosure. According to Mr. Porter's figures, the amount paid for wages in the production of $338,000,000 worth of woolens is 22½ per cent. The duty on woolens is more than four time this—nearly 100 per cent.

The Protectionists' own figures disclose to workingmen and consumers generally the dishonest claim that high duties are imposed to cover a "difference in wages." In a wide range of articles the tax is more than the total labor cost.—New York *World*.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

A UniqueCountry where the Skies are almost Never Clouded while the air is Cool and Bracing, like Perpetual Spring.

As an anomalous southern resort, by reason of the fact that there one may escape summer heat no less than winter cold, New Mexico is rapidly becoming famous. Averaging throughout the entire territory 5,600 feet in altitude above sea-level, and characterized by dry air which, unlike a humid atmosphere, is incapable of communicating heat, the temperature in midsummer remains at a delightfully comfortable degree through the day, and at night becomes invariably brisk and bracing. The sunshine is almost constant, yet the most violent out-of-door exertion may be undertaken without fear of distressful consequences. Sunstroke or prostration are absolutely unknown there. It is an ideal land for a summer outing. Its climate is prescribed by reputable physicians as a specific for pulmonary complaints, and the medicinal Hot Springs at Las Vegas are noted for their curative virtues. The most sumptuous hotel in the west, the Montezuma, is located at these springs. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for "The Land of Sunshine," an entertaining and profusely illustrated book descriptive of this region, the most picturesque and romantic in the United States. 1

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits J. D. Murray Druggist.

——At Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, all the latest styles in foot wear are kept in stock and at prices lower than elsewhere.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

Boil the clothesline and it will not "kink" as a new rope is apt to do.

Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry or cellar, it will keep the air dry and pure.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

Prick potatoes before baking so that the air can escape. This will prevent their bursting in the oven.

When baking cakes set a dish of water in the oven with them and they will not be in any danger from scorching.

Grease spots that have burnt and become hard on the stove may be removed by a few drops of kerosene oil on the cloth before rubbing them.

LIGHTING THE FIRE SPARK.

Curious Methods of Fire Making in Use Among Various Peoples.

The most curious of all known methods of making fire is practiced by the native tribes of Borneo and Burmah. Funnily enough, the instrument which they employ is utilized for the same purpose to-day by the scientific physicist in the laboratory. The primitive form of apparatus used by the barbarous peoples referred to is simply a cylinder of buffalo horn with a sort of piston that fits into it. In the receptacle that holds this "fire syringe," as it is called, is also carried a small box filled with tinder. When fire is wanted a piece of tinder is placed in the hollowed end of the piston, which is thereupon inserted into the mouth of the cylinder of buffalo horn. Holding the cylinder in the left hand the operator strikes the knob of the piston a smart blow with the open right hand, the force used being sufficient to drive it home. Owing to the natural law by which compressed air gives up heat under reduction of volume, the tinder in the end of the piston catches fire and is seen to be alight, when the piston is instantly and quickly withdrawn after the blow has been struck. Gentle breathing on the spark fans its commencing glow; fresh tinder is applied, which catches fire immediately; more blowing increases the flame, and scraped wood and then small sticks are added to make the beginning of a blaze. Easy as this process for obtaining fire looks, it requires no little skill and practice.

A very interesting monograph on the fire-making methods of the world, among which this one is referred to, is on the point of being published by the Smithsonian Institution. The well known process of obtaining the spark of ignition by drilling with a revolving stick into another piece of wood is first described. It varies in manner so much that some savages can get fire in this way in a fraction of a minute, while the Ainos, of Japan, require two hours or more for the purpose. Next is mentioned the plan of making fire by sawing, which is in common use among the Malays and throughout the East Indies. A native will cut a V-shaped slit in a branch of the oil tree, put a knife edge on a piece of iron wood, saw quickly back and forth with the latter in the V, and in less than three minutes he will have set fire with the incandescent sawdust produced by the friction to tinder held underneath. Then he will put the ignited tinder in a bunch of dry leaves, wrap them in dried grass, whirl the bundle around his head and have a flame in a jiffy.

However, the usual method of fire making by sawing practiced by these peoples is to take two pieces of bamboo—one a hollowed convex strip and the other prepared with an edge like a knife. The former is placed with the convex side up and the knife edge is drawn rapidly back and forth across it. Presently the hollowed convex piece is pierced through the top by the saw, and the incandescent dust falls upon tinder beneath, igniting the latter. Sometimes the process is reversed, and the convex piece holding the tinder is sawed upon the bamboo knife, which is fixed with the edge up. Bamboo is an excellent friction material; the siliceous coating is favorable for the development of great heat, while the soft marrowy substance inside is very inflammable. Quite as odd is the only method of fire making known to the Polynesians, to whom it exclusively belongs, namely, that of the "plowing stick." The operator runs a groove in a piece of soft wood with the end of a stick of hard wood, the rubbing stick wearing off particles of the soft wood and pushing them along in a heap at the end of a groove. By acceleration of the motion they are brought up to the point of ignition. Much expertness is required to perform the process successfully, but flame is said to be procured directly, without the use of tinder.

The modern lucifer match is superior to all other devices for producing fire, says the author of the monograph quoted, Mr. Walter Hough, since it combines in one instrument arrangements for the creation of the spark, for catching it on tinder, and for starting a blaze—steps requiring separate operations in the primitive machines. Of the devices which preceded the friction match, the nearest likeness to it was the splint of inflammable wood tipped with sulphur, which accompanied the tinder box, the invention of the flint and steel strike-a-light, necessitating some device to convert the spark into a flame. For this purpose the Eskimo applies a wick soaked in oil to the spark and blows it alight. Brimstone matches are found in Japan in the shape of broad, thin shavings, tipped along one end with sulphur. In Mexico cotton wicks dipped in sulphur are similarly employed.

"Spunks"—the common name for splints tipped with sulphur—were in general use in this country prior to 1825, and lingered in out of the way places long after the introduction of matches. In certain districts of France to-day they are still in use, being much more economical than matches from the point of view of people of simple habits. Hunting parties and exploring expeditions bound for distant countries usually carry, besides matches, strike-a-lights for use in case matches are exhausted or meet with some of the many accidents to which they are liable. Patents are still sought, from time to time, for pipe lighting contrivances involving the use of flint and steel struck together by some more or less simple and mechanical device. A variation of the "spunks" was curled shavings tipped with sulphur.

At the beginning a very general prejudice was set against friction matches, because they were poorly made, hung fire, readily absorbed moisture, emitted noxious odors and were costly. The worst ones, however, were more expeditious than the tinder box, and improvements were soon made. Nevertheless, it is seriously suggested by Mr. Hough as worthy of inquiry whether the alarming deterioration of the teeth of the present generation may not be due to the phosphorous matches more than to soft food. Attempts to supersede the wretched "spunks" produced the tinder piston, the tinder wheel, and, later, the first chemical match.

OLLA PODRIDA.

In the Land Where a Hundred Dollars is a Fortune.—William E. S. Fales writes to the "Sociological News" as follows in reference to labor in Japan: "The houses are small and also cheap. They rent from fifty cents a month upward and average a dollar a month each. The garden around them yields two and three crops a year and supplies enough flowers to pay a goodly fraction of the rent. The vegetables grown are chiefly those which are marked by size and quality, cabbages, cauliflowers, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, turnips, carrots, yams, beans and peas. An acre cultivated under the painstaking system of the Japanese horticulturist will support a family in comfort. When to the vegetables are added the chickens and eggs raised on the premises, and the fish, shell-fish and seaweed taken from the sea, a regimen is had which for healthfulness and nutriment cannot be surpassed.

"The ocean helps humanity amazingly in this land. Its warm waters teem with animal and vegetable life, and it fecundates every beach and seacliff with immeasurable life. A meal can be made from cabbage, onion, sea-weed gluten, and bean sauce which weighs two pounds and costs but two cents. These figures presuppose that all the materials are purchased. As a matter of fact at least half are grown in the family garden. Clothing is a minimum. As worn by the people inland, it is light, graceful, and very cheap. A man's suit costs but fifty cents and a woman's one dollar. Under such conditions, the laborer saves money and is happy, healthy, and prosperous. He has of course no ambition and no desire for social or political change."

Propagation of Leeches.—The business of raising leeches for medicinal purposes has long been carried on in Europe, and, it said, with profit to those engaged in the business. Up to forty years ago, it is stated, the old world obtained its supplies of the worms mostly from Sweden, Russia, Poland and Hungary, but the swamp regions where they grew and were gathered underwent extensive draining operations from time to time, until at length vast areas once rendered remunerative by their swarms were dried up; this occasioned such a famine of the article that active efforts were made to find a remedy, several governments offering premiums for successful results in leach culture. At the present time nearly all the leeches used abroad come from artificial ponds and meadows in the south of France, where the bottom is firm and solid, the areas chosen being divided into rectangular plots by dishes. The breeding season arrives in June and July, and at this time water is admitted into the ditches, the meadow flats remaining dry. The eggs are laid by the leeches in loose soil at the margins of the ditches. When the young ones are hatched the meadows are overflowed artificially some six or eight inches. The young leeches are fed upon the blood of living horses and cattle driven into the shallow water twice a week for a time.

Zuyder Zee to be Terra Firma.—The proposal for the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, which was spoken of for the first time in 1848 in Holland, and again in 1866, 1875 and 1882, has once more been revived with the support of several political associations and Chambers of Commerce, whose members have forwarded petitions to the Government in support of the scheme, and asking for its thorough examination. The Independance Belge publishes some interesting details on the subject, and states that the total cost of carrying out the work would be 190,000,000 florins. This is exclusive of the expense which would be entailed on the War Department, as the undertaking, if carried out, would, if is said, bring about a complete change in the present system of defense in Holland. It would also have the effect of adding a new province to the Pays Bas.

The Largest Elevator.—The largest grain elevator in the world was built at Minneapolis Junction in 1886. The main building is 336 feet long, 92 feet wide and 175 feet high. Its storing capacity is 2,000,000 bushels of grain. During its construction the carpenters and joiners used 12,500,000 feet of lumber of all kinds, besides 32 carloads of nails. These nails filled 10,000 common nail kegs, and the best calculators say that there were but little short of 50,000,000 of them driven into the immense structure. The engines used at this giant of all elevators are capable of handling 250 carloads of grain every 10 hours.

A Canadian has invented a simple and ingenious device to be attached to all bottles containing poisons. It consists of a mechanism fastened to the bottom of the bottle, and so arranged that every time the bottle is lifted or moved it rings a little bell. With a death's head for the eye, and a kind of death rattle for the ear, it seems as if accidents ought to be entirely avoided.

There are some 150 distinct religious denominations in the United States—The Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Baptists and Episcopalians form the great body of church adherents. The other religious associations represent less than fifteen per cent. of the church edifices.

Great is the originality of Chicago. They are now talking of catching a whale somewhere in the Arctic regions, and towing it alive to the World's Fair city, by way of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Australia has lately been making a great outcry about the damage inflicted upon the country by the plague of rabbits. It seems, however, that there are some small compensations in the case. A killer gets 2c a head royalty from the Government for killing the animal, the skin of which he can sell at from 4c to 6c, and for the meat he can get from 2c to 4c from the canning factories. The skins are bale-pressed and exported to London, where, so brisk is the business, the sales every six weeks average 1500 to 2000 bales, each bale holding about 200 skins. It is not surprising, therefore, that a large number of people in Australia find rabbit killing more profitable than farming. The skins, which are bought up in bulk in London by the hat manufacturers, are turned over to operators who pluck off the pelt by hand, no suitable machinery for the purpose having yet been invented. A fine blue fur is then left on the pelt. The skin is then pared away from the fur by machinery so delicate that when the last particle is cut off the fur sometimes hangs in one filmy section. This is worked up into felt. The English rabbit supplies the best fur, then comes the New Zealand rabbit and then the Australian.

Any person who has had occasion critically to examine the law reports of the several States as they are published will be surprised, the New York Sun thinks, at the harmony and uniformity in the rulings of the courts rather than at the diversity of the views judicially expressed. The certainty of the law as administered in forty-four different States under forty-four different judicial systems is much more remarkable than the uncertainty. But considerable diversity of opinion is undoubtedly sometimes developed. Thus we find in the June number of the American Digest, upon the same page, references to two decisions, one in Georgia and another in Missouri, which it is rather difficult to reconcile with one another. In the Georgia case, which was a criminal prosecution, the counsel for the State in his argument to the jury told them that they knew the defendant as well as he did, and that one of the defendant's witnesses in testifying had "lied from stem to stern." This freedom of language was held not to be sufficient ground for a new trial. In the Missouri case a new trial was granted because the prosecuting attorney told the jury the defendant was "a sugar-loafed, squirrel-headed Dutchman."

"A lady of fine artistic taste has discovered," remarks the London Graphic, "that at church parade her prayer-book, by its incongruous color, entirely ruined the effect of a carefully conceived costume. It struck a discord in an otherwise perfectly harmonious dress. This has been remedied by having a cover to her prayer-book which shall be perfectly in accord with the leading tone of her garments. The prayer-book cover will henceforth receive as attentive consideration as the bonnet, the gloves, and the sunshade, and no jarring note of color will be introduced by means of a volume bound in blue velvet or in scarlet morocco. If this rule be applied to every-day garments and to any volume that a lady may feel inclined to read, the business in fancy book-covers can not fail to be extensive. For it is easy enough to imagine that the most artistic arrangement of color may be at once ruined by its wearer happening to take in hand some garishly bedizened novel of to-day."

They were gallant cadets who jumped from the deck of the Constellation and saved three lives, those of a mother and her two children who were being swept out to sea in the tide at Jamestown, R. I. The names of the cadets are W. S. Montgomery, N. Mansfield, W. H. Standley and F. N. Freeman. Their brave act has been officially reported to the Navy Department. It may be presumed that they will receive, besides the approbation of their superior officers, the medal of the Humane Society bestowed in recognition of brave deeds in saving life. The medal of the Humane Society is no mean decoration for any officer in the naval service to win and wear alongside of whatever medals or crosses he may achieve for prowess in battle. But more precious than medals is the reflection that such deeds command universal applause and admiration.

It is often said that if white people could live most of the time in the open air, like the Indians, they would never have consumption; and, in fact, certain physicians attempt to cure consumption by keeping their patients outdoors nearly all the time. But Dr. A. B. Holder, of Memphis, Tenn., now comes forward with statistics to show that the Indian is peculiarly subject to pulmonary diseases. Reports which he secured from the Indians of Yankton and Sisseton, Dak.; Devil's Lake, Dak.; Green Bay, Wis.; Tulalip, Wash.; Standing Rock, Dak.; Lower Brule, Dak.; Osage, I. T.; Crow Creek, Dak.; Cheyenne River, Dak., and Western Shoshone, Nev., all teemed with data as to the fatal ravages of consumption. Of 1,453 deaths from all diseases in 1888, 514 were from consumption alone.

F. J. Schornerhorn, the geologist and mineralogist, who is working in the interest of Idaho's exhibit at the World's Fair, said he had discovered an immense glacial field in central Idaho beneath which lie a series of glacial lakes. The field probably covers an area nearly as great, though not as thick, as the great glacial field of the Alps. He had examined sixteen terminal moraines, eleven of which were receding, four were stationary, and one was advancing. None of them extended more than 2,000 feet below the snow line. The glaciers are located about twenty-five miles southwest of Shoup amid a number of high peaks not down on the maps.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis says, in an article on "The Indian Who is not Poor," in Scribner: "The Pueblo, the most striking ethnologic figure in our America to-day, is emphatically an Indian who is not poor from any point of view. Physically, mentally, morally, socially, politically, he need not shun comparison with the average of his lately acquired countrymen; and he even affords luxuries to which the superior race has not yet risen. As an Indian he is a paradox; as a human, he is unique in the whole world."

Edwin Ellis, some of whose famous Southdown sheep are to be exhibited in this country at the coming World's Fair, is not only a great land owner and an energetic business man, but also a philanthropist. He has built near his home in Surrey, England, an experimental row of neat cottages for his tenants, an ideal school-house and a club-house for the people, and his daughter has a wood-carving class among the tenants. The club-house has provision for billiards and other games, a prettily decorated social hall capable of seating 500 persons and a library of 800 or more volumes with numerous periodicals.

The census returns furnish some very interesting reading. For instance, there were 334,194 families in the State of Tennessee with an average of 5.29 persons to a family. There were 323,136 dwellings in the State, with an average of 5.47 persons to a dwelling. Of course there was no decimal fraction of a person in any dwelling, but the figures make the averages stated. The total number of dwellings in the United States in 1890 was 11,483,318, and the average number of persons to a dwelling was 5.45. The total number of families in this country was 12,690,152, and the average number to a family 4.93.

The most recent estimate of capital invested in the electrical industries in the United States is $700,000,000, and of this amount $350,000,000 represents the proportion which electric lighting and power have attained; $100,000,000 is also the estimated investment in electrical supplies, of which the electric lighting and railway appliances constitute a large proportion.

The anti-pork people say that the eating of pork is the fruitful cause of scrofulous diseases, not to speak of the deadly trichina. But an eminent physician declares, that of all the races in the world, the North American Indians are the most afflicted with scrofula, though they eat very little pork.

OVERRUN WITH SQUIRRELS.

New York's Central Park Overrun With the Rodents.

Central Park is the great squirrel centre of the country, and probably more of the little rodents are found to the square acre in this public pleasure ground than in their most favorite haunts among the wild nut groves. The exact number has never been accurately ascertained, but irregular attempts to take their census have resulted in the remarkable disclosure of a population running up into the thousands.

The gray squirrel colony increases rapidly every year. So tame and lively do they become in early spring when hunting for food that they will often approach visitors to the Park and almost beg for food. If a nut is thrown to them, they will approach within half a dozen feet to get it, and then run away to some tree to nibble it.

During their breeding season they are very wary and sly. They seldom approach their nests directly, but run up neighboring trees, and jump from branch to branch until they have completely bewildered those below. Their antics at such times are of great interest to all pedestrians. When the young ones are first able to run about, the park is full of small families wandering over the fields in search of nuts.

At one time the common gray squirrels were so abundant in the Eastern States that they were considered a scourge by the farmers, and heavy premiums were offered for their destruction. They destroyed grain crops as well as fruit orchards; but gunners and sportsmen have long since reduced their numbers so that it is rarely one finds a large colony of them in any woods.

It is doubtful if many birds could breed in the Park owing to the presence of so many squirrels, for the rodents are passionately fond of eggs. They will not only eat the eggs in the nest, but they will often destroy the young birds themselves, making it almost impossible for a brood to reach maturity. Although the park is the great resort for songbirds, it is a strange fact that comparatively few of them nest there, although they would not be disturbed by the people who visit the place. It is very probable that there is some connection between the presence of the gray squirrel in the park and the noted absence of many bird's nests.

The gray squirrels are in their natural haunts in this central portion of the city. Long before the park was laid out, this whole upper section of Manhattan Island was the home and resort of the squirrels and birds. They were then only disturbed by the hunters, but their numbers in this way were kept down. When the park was laid out, a few old couples remained in it, and finally the city grew around the place so that they could not retreat further north. They were then hemmed in on every side; but as protection was extended to them by the Park Board, their numbers rapidly increased, until today the colony is about the largest in this country.

The rodents are great additions to the park, and their presence is always to be desired. They give an interest to the scene, even in midwinter, and it would be a great loss to have them sacrificed to any prejudiced notion. They do little or no damage to the trees, and there are no fruits or grain fields for them to destroy.—[G. E. Walsh, in Harper's Weekly.

The Art of Tying a Knot.

A veteran sailor the other day made the remark: "If those people whose business requires them to handle ropes and tacklings would only learn the true art of tying knots, many a serious accident in life might be averted. There is not a single child in the land but should be taught in early life to make at least a couple of scientific hitches. This is one of the first duties of a sailor, and his selection of knots covers the whole field of entanglement. The novice is hardly on shipboard and out of sight of land when he is called up to tie together at the end of a rope his soiled shirt and clothes that need a good dousing. If the knot is not properly tied he loses them. It may seem a trifling thing, but it is just as important to know how to tie a correct knot as to be a good swimmer."—[Philadelphia Press.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

The World's Coal Fields.—The coal fields of the world are said to have the following areas: China and Japan, 200,000 square miles; United States, 194,000; India, 35,000; Russia, 27,000; Great Britain, 9,000; Germany, 3,000; France, 1,800; other European countries, 1,500.

Peat for Locomotives.—It seems that peat has been permanently adopted as fuel for the locomotives on the Vadstena-Oderhous Railway in Sweden after a series of exhaustive tests to determine its relative value as compared with coal. In the final tests a locomotive pulled a train at regular speed, and up the steepest gradients, steam being maintained at full pressure, even with cold water fed into the boiler.

Resistance to the Flow of Air Through Pipes.—Some valuable experiments have been made at one of the most extensive manufacturing and engineering plants in Boston relating to the resistance to the flow of air through pipes at a high velocity. These experiments show that a single opening of a given area is vastly more effective to conduct steam or air than the same area divided into small separate apertures. It is evident that a long, thin opening will not carry the same amount of steam that a wider and shorter opening will when of the same area—or, if two openings have the same area, the one which has the width and length more nearly the same will carry the larger amount of steam in a given time and at a given pressure. Again, as locomotives are now built only a fraction of the total weight is utilized at speeds above forty miles per hour; hence an increased weight is not necessary to pull heavy trains at high speeds after they have attained speed. There is also steam capacity in the ordinary locomotive to furnish the steam required to do heavy express work. The means, therefore, of increasing the power of express locomotives at speed is to increase the mean effective pressure in the cylinders, and to do this there is no surer way, it is asserted, than to increase the outside lap and the travel of the valve.

Electricity and Steam on Railroads.—The common notion that electricity must supplant steam on all railways within a very few years is shown by Mr. Arthur T. Woods to be an error. At present the highest efficiency of an electric railway system—the current being distributed from a steam generating station—is only sixty per cent. and is calculated by Crosby & Bell that this would give results greater than those of steam only at speeds exceeding 140 miles per hour; while to compete with steam at a speed of 60 miles per hour the efficiency of the electric service must be raised at least 80 per cent. The evolution of an electric system giving this efficiency is likely to require considerable time. Mr. Woods concludes that electricity is not likely to replace steam for long distance freight traffic; that there is a possibility that it may be economically substituted for steam for high speed service wherever the traffic is sufficient to justify the construction of tracks separate from those used for moderate speeds; that in only very few localities in the United States are the conditions such as to make such substitutions now commercially possible; that on a few short lines the passenger traffic is such as to make electricity a possible form of motive power at present speeds; that it is probable that electric locomotives will be used in tunnels and for switching in cities; and that no electric locomotive capable of doing the work of a medium weight steam locomotive has yet been constructed.

Keeping Count.

Robert Simson, professor of mathematics at the University of Glasgow, was one of those odd geniuses who do so much for the amusement of humanity. It was one of his peculiarities always to count his steps when he stirred away from his comfortable bachelor quarters. Even if a friend accosted him he did not lose his reckoning. To prevent such a catastrophe he kept repeating the number of the last step taken.

Once, while the professor was on his way to some gathering, a gentleman, who knew him by sight, but was unaware of the habit above mentioned, stopped him. The worthy geometrician had just taken his five hundred and seventy-third step.

"Most happy—573," was the answer.

"Oh, no," said the inquirer, surprised but courteous, "merely one question."

"Well," added the professor—"573."

"You are really too polite," said the stranger; "but knowing your acquaintance with the late Dr. B——, and for the purpose of settling a dispute, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that he left £500 to each of his nieces."

"Precisely," replied the professor—"573."

"And there were four nieces, were there not?"

"Exactly!—573."

The stranger stared at the professor, as if he thought him mad, muttered sarcastically "573!" made a hasty bow, and passed on.

Professor Simson saw the man's mistake, or thought he did, and cried after him, taking another step at the same instant. "No, sir, only four—574."

"Poor fellow!" thought the inquirer, as he turned away, "he certainly has gone crazy."

Not only is France and Germany, but even in Switzerland the population is degenerating. Swiss statistics show that at the last examination of recruits out of 30,348 young men only 15,509 had the required physical strength to become soldiers, while 8,977 were declared entirely unfit and 5,842 were told to apply again next year. Insufficient food, bad air, too early and excessive work in factories are among the causes assigned.

To the American tourist accustomed to the indifference of their countrymen concerning political issues, it is surprising to see the intense interest taken by Irish women in the result of elections. Women of the poorer sort, factory girls and laboring women, stand in rain or shine before the bulletins eagerly spelling out returns, and those of more prosperous circumstances pile fuel on the great bonfires of victory and cheer in the streets as the successful candidate passes.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

While attempting to arrest two suspected crooks, Officer Richard O'Brien, of Pottstown, was severely wounded by one of them.

The Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in session at Scranton, adopted resolutions on Daniel Dougherty's death and transacted business of interest to the order.

James Madden was given a hearing at Harrisburg and held for court, charged with the murder of John Kennedy, his nephew.

James McClure and Harry King, two West Chester lads, were arrested for houses breaking.

Fish Warden Nicholas is raiding the fish pirates along the Juniata River, and Governor Pattison has notified the Sheriffs of the various counties to co-operate with the Warden.

The Grand Lodge of Seven Wise Men elected officers at Lancaster, and adjourned to meet in Williamsport in 1894.

While arresting two men at a circus in Pottstown, a posse of officers was fired on. No one was hurt.

The Supreme Lodge of the Order of Seven Wise Men of the United States met in biennial session at Lancaster. Representatives from five States were present. The report of the secretary showed the membership to be 2151, with assets of $50,663.

John Tocallo, of Lancaster, fell eighty-five feet from a bridge to a roadway. He will probably die.

Ground was broken at Bloomfield, near Pittsburg, for the new Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind.

The attorneys for the two brothers of the late John McKeown, of Washington, Pa., who claim the millions left by the oil king, are ready for the contest, and suits in ejectment against Mrs. McKeown will be begun in Pittsburg shortly.

Because their father returned to work in the Carnegie Mill the Misses Bailey, two school teachers, of Homestead, were boycotted, and fearing trouble, deputy sheriffs guarded the building.

A company to manufacture tin plate has been organized in Pittsburg with a capital stock of $50,000.

The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was held in Scranton.

The police who have been guarding the Carnegie Union Mills were withdrawn.

A bloody strike is imminent between several hundred colored men and their bosses, working on the new Wilkes-Barre & Stoudsburg Railroad.

A freight train was wrecked on the Ontario & Western Road near Pecksville. Twelve cars went into the Lackawanna River, and one man was killed.

Pretty Alice Rimer, of Wilkes-Barre, left her parent's house to visit friends, and since then nothing has been seen of her. She told a girl friend that she intended to leave home as she was not satisfied.

Ten thousand attended camp meeting services at Lancaster.

O'Donnel and Ross are again missing from Homestead. Mrs. O'Donnell has also disappeared.

Austin McMichael, of Philadelphia, aged 25, while walking on the Reading Railroad was run over and killed by the noon express from Philadelphia, five miles below Reading.

The body of Lester Brady, of Dunmore has been found in the reservoir, ten miles above Scranton, which furnishes that city with water. He had been out on a fishing trip and while returning thought he would bathe in the reservoir. He must have been attacked with cramps.

Edward Bowden, a boss stevedore, residing in Upper Providence, near the Rose Tree, fell under the wheels of the 9 o'clock train at Media Station, and had his left arm crushed. He also received serious injuries. Bowden alighted from the train while it was in motion and striking against some one in the crowd on the platform, was knocked under the last car.

The greatest day in the history of Mahoney City was the occasion of the unveiling of the soldiers' monument. Among the distinguished personages present were Gov. Robt E. Pattison, Gen. D. S. Hastings, and Secretary Thomas J. Stewart, all of whom delivered addresses. A parade took place with over 3,000 men in line.

Jacob Shober, aged 4, of Lancaster, was seriously injured by falling from a window while asleep.

Frank Ray, aged 12, was accidentally shot in the stomach by Willie Blaine, aged 15, while playing with a revolver at Sansbury. It is thought Ray will die.

The board of managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua held their annual meeting at Lancaster and elected officers.

The Grand Jury at Pittsburg returned six indictments against Alexander Berkman, the anarchist who shot H. C. Frick.

During a dispute near Uniontown, Oliver Roberts struck Jacob Rose with a stone. Rose was afterwards found dead in the road.

August Rabe, of Tamaque, a member of the National Guards, who served at Homestead, died of typhoid fever contracted at that place. Eight other members of the same company are ill with the disease.

Eight Homestead strikers were arrested charged with conspiracy and murder.

Governor Pattison appointed Dr. J. J. O'Donnell, Coroner of Wayne county.

General J. P. S. Gobin addressed the gathering of Farmers at William's Grove.

The trial of the officials of the Order of Salon, accused of embezzelment began in Pittsburg.

The river coal operators of the Monongahela Valley, have decided to cut the price of mining one-half cent.

Suit has been entered at Pittsburg against Patrick and John Feeney, charged with violating the contract labor law.

Alderman Fager, of Harrisburg, has given judgment for Insurance Commissioner Lyon in his suit against the People's Bridge Company to recover excessive tolls.

Roger S. Searle, of Montrose, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fifteenth District.

Teacher (to class)—Put this expression in a different way: "Storm follows calm." Small boy (whose father is not a teetotaler)—Racket comes after a "Still."

THREE KISSES.

The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not,
And the earth's forgot
An Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay,
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.

—[Chicago Mail.

MY AUNT WASHINGTON

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

My Aunt Washington had half the county at her feet; she knew it, and lost not a whit of the vantage thereby. I had observed it with pride, for nothing at that time escaped my note, though I own with mortification that only the Sunday before the time of which I speak I had cried aloud in the great meeting at the Court House, from having lost my red morocco shoe, by reason of a stout man sitting on my foot. Not that my foot was hurt, but that I feared the loss of my shoe, which being red, was very pretty, though truly a snug fit, grandmother and my maid Jane making much ado in getting them on in time. But they were brought to me from New York, a great journey in that day, meaning to me the whole of the outer world. I remember well how my round cheeks burned, though my tears were still dropping from the loss of my finery, when my father lifted me by one arm over the heads of the people, the seats being arranged in a semicircle one over the other, and never paused until he had deposited me safely in my own chair at home.

Aunt Washington had not gone to meeting, pleading a headache, though I found her in the garden among the sweet alyssum beds, laughing and talking with Henry Lytle. He chucked me under the chin, when he had heard my tearful story, for my shoe had been left behind, and I doubted that my father would trouble to fetch it; but Aunt Washington laughed and gave me a peppermint from her pocket. She liked my small frivolity, she avowed, and declared me a thorough woman.

I liked not the appearing of Henry Lytle, by reason, perhaps, of my grandmother's aversion, for she could not abide his presence; particularly, as Aunt Washington touched her lip at my sudden appearing, and Henry Lytle made a wry face, shrugging up his shoulders.

Aunt Washington was the youngest child of my grandmother and only surviving daughter, and was a pretty widow of three years' standing.

Now my grandmother held peculiar views in regard to widowhood, bearing out all principles with honest practice, that upon the return of a woman to her father's house, she having been widowed, she should resume the subservience of her former childhood, particularly until five years of mourning should be passed; and though Aunt Washington was possessed of a cosy little fortune in her own right, from her husband, grandmother ruled her youngest daughter with a rod of iron. My father, being mostly under the same roof, came in for his portion of courtiership, and though my grandmother was a wonderfully charming woman, she was none the less a despot in her own way.

We dawdled among the flowers until high noon of this August Sunday, I free as air and barefoot, Aunt Washington having suggested the advisability of removing my remaining shoe; altogether unrestrained in grandmother's absence, chasing the white and yellow butterflies with my Sunday hat, at the expense of the artificial wreath upon it, whose petals were wofully shattered. But what difference did it make, when the garden was full of the living flowers?

Henry Lytle looked at his watch when, at the turn of the lane, we saw the church party approaching, and, likening us to mice, said something unintelligible about the morrow, stooped his tall head and kissed both Aunt Washington and me, much to my astonishment, for grandmother was wont to deliver severe dissertations upon the promiscuous osculation of the sexes, holding that kisses were unholy things, even upon an unoffending infant, but Aunt Washington gave me a peppermint, which was a sufficient hint as to my discretion. When grandmother's royal silk rustled in at the front gate (grandmother was more gracious of a Sunday) Henry Lytle's long legs had girdled the garden fence at the rear for an instant, and he was gone.

Monday was a great day at the "Elms," a day of clearing away the literal and imaginary cobwebs that had gathered over Sunday, that being the only day in the calendar, excepting Christmas, wherein the whisk and dust cloth were not used with mental and moral vigor.

Upon that particular Monday grandmother was summoned to attend a dying friend, a friend of her own girlhood. Now, grandmother believed there was a time for all things, even a time to dance, which she afterwards proved, but in spite of the ties of years of association, it was very unreasonable in Martha to take to dying of a Monday, she averred. However, duty was duty, and as such my grandmother never shirked it; so, without delay, the family carriage was fetched, and with many directions to the maids and special admonitions to Aunt Washington in regard to the quince preserves, now in a state of preparation, with a rustle of silk and a whiff of lavender, grandmother was driven away, leaving the household world to Aunt Washington and to me.

My ideas as to our respective occupations for the morning are not very clear at this late day. I had an allotted daily task upon my sampler, into which pattern grandmother had stuck a pin to mark its limitations, and I remember that my Aunt Washington was unusually busy.

My sampler was very exasperating and my crewels snarled unmercifully. The text was, "Honor and Shame from No Condition Rise." I had gotten through the basket of primroses with cross-stitch and into "Shame," and now I was slipping my canvas in a most slovenly manner, wishing that I was a boy or a butterfly or something not required by grandmothers or nature to work samplers, when my senses were assailed by voices from the kitchen, as well as the aroma of boiling quinces. My intuition told me that it was Henry Lytle, an I had no time in satisfying that sense by proof. He was standing by one side of the big brass kettle, and Aunt Washington on the other, with a wooden spoon in her hand. They were arguing about something, and Aunt Washington looked half-laughing, half-frightened.

Henry Lytle—in my grandmother's kitchen! Alas! Alas! such indecorum—and he had dared, and Aunt Washington had dared!—oh! grandmother! grandmother!

But he said something more about mice, and chuckled me under the chin again, and Aunt Washington sent me, with exact particularity, to require of Aunt Peggy, the housekeeper, seven sticks of cinnamon.

Once upon my mission, in spite of the dignity of my seven years, I forgot to return inmediately. It must have been an hour or so later, when, guiltily unbraided by conscience, I gathered up my seven cinnamon sticks. The house seemed strangely quiet, and from the kitchen came the alarmingly unpleasant odor of burning sirup; I say alarming, for the escape of such an odor into my grandmother's house was a positive catastrophe.

I ran as fast as my chubby legs would carry me, calling upon Aunt Washington, but no Aunt Washington responded. The contents of the big brass kettle were burning at the bottom and boiling over. I tiptoed on a chair and stirred it with the wooden spoon, burning my fingers in the operation, but I was too disturbed to weep, and besides no one was there to comfort me. I tried to lift the seething stuff; I might as well have tried to move Black Mountain. Not a maid was in sight or hearing. Aunt Peggy was deaf, and from my position I might have shouted until doomsday, for all that she could hear.

If woe could have put out the fire the preserves would have been saved; however, I wandered about helplessly, still holding on to the wooden spoon, when I spied a bag of peppermints that Aunt Washington had thoughtfully left upon the kitchen table; these I grasped as my only solace in this time of trouble, and never stopped until I was in my own little bed, head and ears covered, still holding fast to the peppermints.

I heard the maids return, then a stir and a bustle. I knew that my own maid was seeking for me. In the fear of my grandmother's anger, I had almost forgotten the absence of Aunt Washington. Where was Aunt Washington? Where was Henry Lytle? I heard the approaching wheels, signaling my grandmother's return. I heard the brewing of the storm, culminating in the arrival of a message which "trusted that the preserves were not spoiled, and begging grandmother's pardon, Aunt Washington had gone to marry Henry Lytle!"

"And where is Frances Ann?" demanded my grandmother.

Feeling myself summoned, I descended from my nest like a culprit, and amid sobs, I related all I knew, even down to the peppermints and seven cinnamon sticks.

* * * *

The sun had ceased to shine on my grandmother's house. My father had suddenly decided to make a trip to New York, to be gone for a matter of five or six months, and left me alone in my childish sorrow, after having vainly promised to bring me more things than I ever could have dreamed of—things totally unsuited and inappropriate for a child of my tender years.

My grandmother was silent, but scrupulously exact in the daily business of life, and persistently refused to consider any presupposed advances to be made by Aunt Washington and Henry Lytle in the future. Said my grandmother, "Serena has made her own bed, and she can lie in it."

Soon after my father's departure my grandmother sent for Barrister Quills. Now Barrister Quills was the family attorney, as his father had been before him; one of the powerful triumvirate in great old families, without whose attendance great family occasions were null and void.

Seed-cakes were brought and a pair of cobwebby bottles, for service in my grandmother's boudoir, a ceremonial always preceding important business transactions.

Upon his departure I encountered Barrister Quills upon the piazza, whereupon he patted me on the head and called me a very clever child, taking unusual notice of me.

Affairs were very quiet in my grandmother's house, but my grandmother became suddenly aware that I was in need of an education, so a governess and music-master were provided for me, my pantalettes were made a little more ornate, and with all this care I soon became a most miserable little creature.

One day, Jane, my maid, revealed the cause of all my woes. She was curling my hair for my daily presence in my grandmother's drawing-room (there were visitors), when, my hair becoming in some way entangled with the cane, for it curled naturally, I cried out. "La!" said Jane, "hain't you 'shame, Miss Frances, ter cry out lack er baby, when Ole Miss done sot you up fur er leetle lady!" and she tweaked my hair again, at which my tears continued to flow. "When Ole Miss done cut Miss S'rena out'n de will, lack she done cut Marser Leo, and 'mek you de heir! Hain't you 'shame, when you oughter be proud an' high!"

"What, Jane!" I cried, aghast, "Won't grandmother have Aunt Washington for her daughter ever any more?"

"No," said Jane, "she done taken you in her place."

"Me!"

"Yes," said Jane, with a cautious smack of her finger, "an' you oughter have fitten ter your 'sition, Miss Frances. Dey do say, Miss Frank, as how miss S'rena is dat happy wid Henry Lytle she don't keer."

"Where is my Aunt Washington?" I demanded.

"Hush! I hain't got her; over ter yer Cousin Dorcas'," said Jane, "but none uv us fum here hain't ter see her er ter speak ter her. Ole Miss say so."

"I won't have her place, and I'll tell grandmother so!" I cried, stamping my foot, as was customary with me in those days, on a sudden rise of temper. "I'll just tell grandmother so, so there!"

"Better leave Ole Miss 'lone," said Jane in an awestruck tone. "Ef she wanter leave you all she got, you can't 'top hit."

My grandmother had disinherited my Aunt Washington, as she had my Uncle Leo, the year before I was born, and who had never returned from France since that eventful period.

Time wore on, and I with an uneasy conscience wore, as I deemed it, my borrowed dignity. My father returned and loaded me with gifts until I skipped about like a bedizened Indian princess, but still I was not happy, for I feared to confide my troubles to my father without my grandmother's advice.

At last we heard that there was another Serena at the house of my Cousin Dorcas, a Serena, rose-leaved and tiny.

It was only whispered, and I went to bed, fevered with interest and silent curiosity, for I dared not mention the news to my grandmother.

She had changed of late, was sometimes absent and dreamy, as she sat at her netting, giving me skein after skein to untangle, only to mesh them again. My grandmother was strangely out of sorts; my governess did not please her; my music master elicited no interest, in fact, she was fain to put the little man out of the house altogether, and even my voice was harsh in my grandmother's ears.

Perhaps she was thinking of her distant son, perhaps of my beautiful Aunt Washington, perhaps of the little baby she had not even seen. Howbeit, my grandmother was sufficiently out of humor to catechise me on geography, and finding me wofully unresponsive she boxed my ears and sent me from the room.

Now, the sting of mortification was heavier than the weight of my grandmother's hand, and gulping a something that held the nervous semblance of a piece of crusty corn bread in the throat, I wandered tearfully among the elms. I would do something. Child as I was, I felt that I was occupying the position of an interloper, and such a position was unbearable. I had my own place to fill, and could not take Aunt Washington's, no matter how much my grandmother wished it. Under her cold exterior I knew that she was grieving, that she never would be happy again in the absence of her child, though she might die in her pride without a word.

Beyond the arching elms, at sight of me, my father's horse, a blooded animal, whinnied from his tether, eager to be gone. I patted his sensitive flank that quivered beneath my touch. He was saddled and bridled, and yet my father had not come. Suddenly a great thought trembled at my heart and leaped into my pulses. The house of my cousin Dorcas was only six miles away. I knew every inch of the road, every brake, every plum thicket. I would heal the family breach; I would yield my false position; I would go and fetch Aunt Washington.

No one was about. Quick as thought, though stealthily, I climbed into the saddle, prepared for once to do my masters credit; and rode slowly through the heart of the town, lest I should attract undue attention. Though people turned once and again to look at my bare head and streaming hair, for I had forgotten my bonnet, I was not molested.

All alone, without even Jeoffry to follow—after nearly a year of curbing, such bliss, such freedom! At the edge of the wood I gave into a brisk canter, to which the spirited Nero was not averse. How it would have worried Jeoffry to keep abreast of that upon his ambling cob! Such delicious air, such delicious freedom, with my long curls whipping my back like so many loosened bridle-reins.

Almost in my enjoyment I had forgotten my mission, when right in the middle of the road, only a few paces ahead, a bare-legged urchin threw up his hat. I screamed, but too late, for once again the dark thing whirled, and, with a vicious yell, the little rascal disappeared. Nero reared suddenly upon his haunches, then, wheeling like a thing possessed, took back through the tangled wood. Too frightened to think, I dropped the rein and flattened myself against his neck, holding with all my childish strength to the rising and falling mane. On, on, through the brake and tangle, scraping me almost from my seat, the frightened animal sped; on, on—now back to the edge of the town. With closed eyes I heard the shouts of the men, the scream of the women to "save the little child!" I thought of my father, my grandmother, Aunt Washington, the little baby I had never known. All now would go on without me; they would never know how I tried to make them all happy. They would never know that it was not a childish prank—and I would have died, in vain, in vain.

* * * * * *

I must have been dreaming; I thought I was dead, but I was in my own little bed, whose muslin curtains looked like snow in the sunlight. Somebody sat at a table, netting, and there were tears in the eyes that looked now and again upon my bed. Was this my grandmother—that tender pain hers that lay upon brow and lip? She stirred, I closed my eyes again; perhaps I dreamed, but on my cheek I felt such kisses rain as I had never known in all my orphaned life before, murmured caresses, sending tender thrills to wake that part of my young heart that would have been my mother's.

For many days I balanced life and death with fever, bruises and a broken arm, holding often through the weary night grandmother's hand in mine, and then they came from far to ask for me and shame me with a fair tale of my bravery. 'Twas wonderful, they said, for such a child as I to sit so firmly and so long.

One day when all were gone and I could creep about like a small ghost from chair to couch, from couch to chair again, my grandmother had set down a tiny table right before my chair, and on it Jeoffry placed the seed-cakes and the wine. I breathed the very atmosphere of ceremony, as my grandmother took a seat across from my wan self. When I had drank and choked and, half in fear, had nibbled a cake, my grandmother leaned upon her arm and looked at me. "Frances," she said, in tones both grave and slow, speaking for the first time of my escapade, "it was a naughty thing of you to take your father's horse, a wild and vicious thing he hardly dares to ride; it was a wicked thing to steal away alone without permission, though you must have had your reasons, child, for you are not a fool. What were they, Frances; why did you go?" The keen gray eyes were fixed upon my own—hard, inquisitive, uncompromising now; I must have surely dreamed they ever looked in love. I hung my head and whispered:

"To fetch Aunt Washington home."

"And what affair was it of yours to intermeddle?" demanded my grandmother.

With all my weakness, this was more than I could bear. I fell upon my knees and clasped my grandmother's skirts with my unhurt arm. "Because," I sobbed, "I don't want Aunt Washington's place; I don't want to be a fine lady, as Jane says I must; I don't want any lessons, any music, anything. Take her back, and the little baby, too, grandmother—the little baby that is just the same to you as I am—Jane said so. Please let us all be happy, and let me be good again."

My grandmother drew herself away and looked at me. I must have been a very pitiful sight, with my bandaged arm and great wide eyes, for my grandmother turned and left the room without a word. All the morning I felt that I was under a cloud; but about noon my grandmother sent again for Barrister Quills, and over the seed cakes and the wine I was made a party to the proceedings.

I have not a very clear recollection as to what passed, perhaps due to my years, or to the wine to which I was unaccustomed, but that night, as grandmother tucked me in my crib and put out the light (grandmother always performed that office for me when there were no guests in the drawing-room) she bent over me and whispered as gently as her softened humor bade: "My Frances, she shall come."

* * * *

There were great preparations at the "Elms" for the reception of Mrs. Henry Lytle, my grandmother irresistibly slurring the male portion in her mention of it. She never did anything by halves (perhaps excepting this), and such baking and larding was unknown since my own dear mother's marriage. The big folks from far and near were bidden to a toast, the like of which was the superlative of every comparison for many a year. In some way or other I was to figure as a heroine, though my small head was unable to grasp the reason why. But it was all as good as a play, of which Aunt Washington told me, where all the people were gay and marched off and on a stage.

I was pranked out in a brocaded satin petticoat, and had my hair dressed most inappropriate to my years; but Aunt Washington, or Aunt Lytle, as I should properly call her, would have it so, and Mistress Lytle's word was not to be questioned. My arm, provokingly slow to mend, was bound in one of Henry Lytle's best neckerchiefs. My grandmother was gorgeous as a Grand Duchess, and happier, too, 'tis fair to wager, than many another beside a throne. To her granddaughter, her black satin train gave more the aroma of dignity than can ever again die with woman.

Aunt Washington, beside her lover-husband, wore the bridal robes she had not worn in her hasty flight, now with her mother's own permission, and amid the blessings of us all.

Oh, how they danced! I looked upon them from my little chair, pushed close beside my grandmother's own. "Sir Roger de Coverley" woke the echoes of the distant past. My grandmother led out with Barrister Quills; Aunt Washington followed with my father; twenty, thirty, forty couples—ah! no, I could not count them—flashing their colors like changeable rainbows against the vibrant wail of violins. On, on, through the hours, with the pause of a tea-cup or the tipping of a glass. On, on, with the violins, the mellow voices that told my happy childish heart that peace could brood again upon the "Elms." On, on, through heavy lids that would but close, I see them yet—through all the darker days that came and passed—and on the topmost stair to wave a kiss at me, her white robes, pinions of my childish dreams, the rose unwithering upon her breast, the best-loved of my kindred, my Aunt Washington.

Speed of the Fly.

"The speed of a fly is something that I have always had great curiosity to know," said J. A. Bascomb, of Little Rock, Ark., at the Lindell. "Evidently its flight is faster than that of any other winged creature, for it is no uncommon thing for the tiny insect to dash its life out against a wall or tree, so great is its momentum. I had a splendid opportunity a few weeks ago to witness an exhibition of the fly's speed, by which it could be approximately measured. I rode out of Little Rock early one morning over the Little Rock and Memphis Railroad. My business necessitated my occupying a seat in the engineer's cab. The air was chill and crisp, and as we passed through a stretch of swamp I noticed that great swarms of little green flies that abound in Arkansas swamps were attracted to the locomotive by its heat. They appeared almost frozen. When we stopped for a minute they fluttered around the smokestack and the boiler, and soon seemed to get thawed out. When we started again they flew along close to the engine to keep warm. Going on a down grade of 45 miles in length, we ran a mile a minute. The flies easily kept up with us, and, in fact, really went faster than we traveled, for every little while they would fly away from the engine and then come back to us. I am confident their speed was greater than a mile a minute, and I will venture the assertion that they didn't reach the limit."

Most of the opium smuggled into this country comes through the region around Puget Sound. The wild country in this neighborhood offers great natural advantages for smuggling, and these have been supplemented by the coming to this region of the shrewdest smugglers the world knows.

MINING CAMP LIFE.

IT CONTAINS MANY ELEMENTS OF THE PICTURESQUE.

Camps That Have Outlived Their Booms—Most Miners are Americans—Prospectors' Luck.

Life in a mining camp bears an ideally picturesque aspect, and whether situated in the dark shadow of some rocky gorge, through which rushes some noisy, snow-fed torrent, or upon a rocky and precipitous hillside, the scene is equally wild and romantic.

The little cabins nestle in sheltered nooks, where a bit of ground can be found large enough to hold the miniature structure, with usually a sentinel pine at the door, and a well-worn path to the stream, which lashes and foams along its rock bed, or they cling to the steep mountain sides, where winding trails lead to the ravine below.

The hills, the gulches, the very rocks are literally honey-combed with dark tunnels and "prospect holes," where men have searched with pick and powder for the precious metals, and many a hope lies buried in these excavations where the white "clumps" gleam like new graves among the gray rocks and the green pines.

The camp that has outlived its boom has an especially desolate air. The old shaft-houses, with their tall smokestacks leaning like the tower of Pisa, the long tunnels, the deep, dark and gruesome shafts going down hundreds of feet into the earth, with their rotten timbers and damp, slippery ladders which erst have borne the feet of merry workmen to their labors, give one a chill of horror to look down into the yawning depths, and one can fancy he sees the ghastly light of the miner's candle flickering here and there in the gloom.

But the busy camp, the camp that is booming, is anything but quiet. At 7 o'clock whistles blow and swarms of men begin to disappear into the earth like prairie dogs into their burrows, and hundreds of feet below the surface, by the pale light of tallow candles, they drill and blast the solid rock all day. At 5 they come up pale and half blinded by the sunlight, while the "night shift" goes down in their place to continue the work through the night.

Once a miner always a miner seems to be the rule. Perhaps it is the spice of danger ever present in the probability of an exploding cap of the giant powder, a falling rock or the falling of timbers or machinery that lends a fascination to many whose nature it is to toy with danger. At any rate a real miner seldom abandons his occupation, although he may meet with countless mishaps or lose months of pay in some dishonest company.

The majority of gold miners are Americans, and are mostly an intelligent, independent and reliable class. Occasionally a squad of dagos go into the mines but their cowardice and superstitutions render them nearly useless. No Italian can be induced to enter a mine where an accident has ever occurred, especially if it has been of a fatal nature. Cornishmen are often employed and usually are good workmen, but their queer dialect and peculiar habits make them the butt of unmerciful ridicule. Foreigners just over show an amazing fear of bosses, as was shown in the case of a raw Frenchman recently, who worked with such unusual diligence during the visits of the superintendent as to rouse that official's suspicions. It was rather the habit of the men to cease their work and chat familiarly with the boss, at the same time giving their attention to his instructions. But the poor Frenchman, who was really a good fellow anxious to hold his job, worked with such untiring energy, that it seemed evident that his efforts were strained for the purpose of effect. The boss was disgusted and threatened to discharge him. A few timely hints from his fellow-workmen, however, induced the Frenchman to desist from such extreme efforts and to sit down upon his wheelbarrow at the next visit from the official, while his uneasy and frightened appearance caused the laugh to go round.

While the work underground has its attractions for the brawny arm and skilled hand, that of the anxious prospector above, prowling among the rocks and searching every seam and crevice in search of gold is full of alternate hope and despondency, and many a man grown gray in the work has finally laid down to die broken in heart and body in this mad following of the most exasperating will o' the wisp that ever lured men on to despair. And if ever the gentle Goddess of Hope transforms herself into a demon it is when she beckons with her alluring finger through mountain fastnesses while her victim plods with weary step, ever searching, step by step, for that which he will never find.

Man may be learned in mineralogy and may be able to tell at a glance the nature and quality of ore. He may explain to you the difference between telluride and tellurium. He may know all the different strata and formations and be able to survey the distance through a mountain to an inch. And while this learned man canters gayly along, fully equipped for a successful prospecting tour, some poor tenderfoot or green hobo, plodding by abstractedly, kicks over a rotten stump or digs his heels into the ground as he rests in the shade of a pine; and, lo! the precious metal is in sight. The tenderfoot may or may not know that the rusty ore beneath his feet is worth $1,000 per ton. The smart man may ride along and offer him a fair price for his find or hoot at the idea of its value and eventually get it all; and again, the finder may be smart enough to hold on to it. These things are just as they happen, and nature herself seems a selfish and capricious parent, pouring into the laps of her favored children vast streams of gold from her veins and cruelly withholding from others even the smallest portion of her wealth. Such is the feverish and overwrought life of the gold-seeker.—[Omaha World.

White crepons come in patterns or robes beautifully embroidered in colors. There are wide borders of scattered daisies worked in fancy silks, or of violets in their own color and in yellow, while narrower bands of the embroidery are provided for the waist.

The Book Was Good.

To illustrate the lack of business methods, even among our most highly educated ladies, says the St. Louis Republic, one of the Mound City's millionaires delights in telling the following on his better half, although he exacts a pledge of secrecy regarding names. "I got tired," said he, "of signing checks for wife's pin money, so one day I deposited $5,000 to her credit in bank. Then I gave my wife a check book and explained to her how to draw and indorse a check, fill out the stub, etc. Six months rolled around and I was treated to a disagreeable surprise. 'Look-a-here, Dan,' said the cashier of the bank one day, 'do you know that your wife's account is overdrawn?' 'No. How much?' I said. 'Oh, $2,000. I knew it would be all right, so I honored the paper.' Well, you can just bet that I made it all right forthwith. Then I undertook to give my wife a lesson in the rudiments of financiering. 'Mary,' I began, 'do you know that you have overdrawn your bank account?' 'I don't know that I have; indeed, I have not,' said she, in no amiable tones. 'But the cashier says you have, my dear. Now, how much money have you checked out?' 'I don't know and I don't want to know. There's my check book, can't you see that there are five checks left, and didn't you tell me that this book was good for money in the bank?' I found it convenient to run down town and meet a friend.

How the Engagement Was Broken.

"Where are my suspenders, maw?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother across the up-stairs hall, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.

"I can't find my four-in-hand tie."

"Your brother Tom wore it last night; you will find it in his room."

"But, maw, where is my silk yachting shirt?"

"Algy wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice wailed across the hall again:

"Maw, I can't find my riding trousers."

"Charles has them on," was the response.

Then a tired-looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall below rose up and softly stole away. "She might want my boots next," he said, wearily, and no one knows why that engagement is off.

Animals Trespassing.

In a recent case tried before Judge Finletter, in which a person was charged with an offense in killing a neighbor's cat which annoyed him, it was decided that this was perfectly lawful; that in any case where animals trespassed to the annoyance of any one, and there was no possible chance of catching and holding them, the person so annoyed was justified in shooting as his only protection against annoyance.

It is strange what suddenly intensified interest a runaway horse has for most people. It is a very similar trait in the human family which causes it to discover for the first time the existence of men and women when they go conspicuously wrong.

Professional base-ball is on its last legs. It has been worked to death, and there will be no very general regret at the announcement of the funeral.

It is no trouble to get a striking picture of a pugilist.

Indigestion Cured

Wm. Wade.

"I have for years been troubled with distress in my stomach and indigestion. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla **the effect was surprising.** It gave me great relief, and I now eat without that terrible distress. I also rest well at night and am in good general health, for all of which I thank **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**" WM. WADE, Boot and Shoe dealer, 17 Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass.

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Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. **SWAMP-ROOT** cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. SEP. 15.

STRIKES AND REMEDIES.

In 1890 there was a labor strike in Australia that commanded the attention of the world, just as the Homestead lockout has. It originated in the sheep-raising industry, the principal one of the colony, and started on account of the introduction of non-union workers. The proportions of the strike grew until almost all kinds of productive pursuits were brought in. Trade unions were highly organized, and were represented by a trades and labor council holding together the different trades in a strong federation. Employes, on the other hand, were associated, including almost the entire mass of capital. The struggle was between two powerful and determined bodies, one representing almost the totality of capital concerned in the employment of labor, and the other representing almost the entire body of workmen, skilled and unskilled. The conflict was well nigh as disastrous and paralyzing as a state of civil war. The injury wrought to the peace and prosperity of the colony was so serious the government appointed a commission with large powers to investigate the entire subject of strikes and their remedies. The commission was wisely selected, eight of the members representing labor and eight the employing interests, with a president of high character and disinterested purpose. It held some fifty meetings, examined witnesses and obtained from the principal countries of the world documents of all kinds bearing on the questions to be investigated. A huge volume has been given to the public as the results of the labors of the commission, of which there is an interesting summary in the *Review of Reviews* for September. The report includes details of the principal schemes and laws of all countries dealing with conciliation or arbitration.

It is an important fact, considering the extreme agitation that led to the appointment of the commission, that its report was unanimously adopted by the seventeen members, after a long and careful discussion paragraph by paragraph. It deals with the broad question in no local or temporizing spirit, and its conclusions are in the main as applicable to the United States as to Australia.

We can only summarize the conclusions of the commission in the briefest way. It is recognized that the chief ground of contention between employers and employed is rapidly becoming the employment of non-unionists, and a broad distinction must be made between this and the demands of the wage-getting class which affect their comfort or are put forth in defense of their organizations. Conciliation by friendly conference is decared to be the best method of dispersing the mists that surround a controversy. The function of conciliation is to get the parties to come to a common agreement voluntarily. Arbitration is distinctively to determine the merits and give a positive decision. It advises a State Board of Conciliation, which is also to perform the duties of Arbitration when Conciliation fails. This board should be a representative one as to its sympathies with the two interests involved—two members for each interest with a disinterested chairman appointed by the governor of the colony. It should not be forced in ever labor controversyy but all disputes should, if possible, be settled within the trade itself.

The important point of the report is the way it deals with compulsory arbitration. It holds that disputes that almost assume the character of civil war ought not to lie outside to cognizance of the guardians of the public peace. This extract gives the spirit of the report on this branch of the subject, that is, of compulsory arbitration, which is forcing itself on the attention of thoughtful men.

We are of the opinion that it should not be necessary for parties to call upon the board to interfere, as to adopt this course would be very greatly to limit the usefulness of board. It is true that to allow one party to set the board in motion would be, to a certain extent, to put compulsion on the other party, because it must either appear or run the risk of having an award given in absence. But this degree of compulsion is in the public interest clearly expedient. No quarrel should be allowed to fester if either party were willing to accept a settlement by the State tribunal. Industrial quarrels cannot continue without the risk of their growing to dangerous dimensions, and the State has a right in the public interest to call upon all who are protected by the laws to conform to any provision the law may establish for setting quarrels dangerous to the public peace. We may mention, in support of this view, that we have already some pertinent and valuable experience. The Newcastle (New South Wales) agreement, which represents the matured experience of the colliery proprietors and of a compact body of 5,000 coal miners, provides that differences that cannot be settled out of the court may be submitted to a referee, and that either party may set the court in action. Five cases have hitherto been submitted, the miners having in each case taken the initiative, the masters coming into court to defend their position.

The question whether the arbitrators should have power to enforce their decisions or inflict fines for non-compliance is considered. The commission does not hold compulsion to be necessary, surrounded as it is with great difficulties. The report says:

It has been said that if an arbitration court cannot compel bedience to its decisions it will be useless. The answer to this is that experience is, though not wholly, almost wholly the other way. In England all the trade arbitrations have been outside law, because the the three laws passed for the purpose have been in operative. And yet, though arbitrations have been very numerous, the cases are very few in which the decisions have not been loyally accepted. The reason of this is that the decisions have been reasonably fair, and both parties to the suit have felt that it was better to acquiesce in a decision with which they were not wholly contented than to prolong the strife. Public opinion, too, which counts for a great deal in matters of this kind, is always in favor of acquiescing in a decision given after a fair hearing. There is ever reason to expect that in the very great majority of cases the decisions of arbitrators will settle the dispute, and it is not worth while, therefore, for the sake of making compliance universal to introduce the repugnant element of compulsion. * * * * * * * *

It may be added that the absence of external compulsion does not prevent the parties from putting compulsion on themselves. All who want compulsion can have it. They can agree to a bond before going to arbitration that would give the right to sue a defaulter.

The *Review of Reviews* applies the commission's plan to the Homestead troubles on the supposition of an amendment to the "Wallace act" empowering one party to secure the intervention of an arbitration court, instead of making it necessary for both parties to consent, and demonstrates, at least to its own satisfaction, that arbitration having been invoked by one of the parties, a hearing had and decision rendered, that decision would have been accepted by the party against whom it was rendered. Public opinion would have forced its acceptance. Thus the bloodshed, money loss, riots, military force and lasting bitterness would have been avoided.

It seems to us there is much in this Australian plan of compulsory arbitration to commend it to the approval of thoughtful men who realize present dangers. Force settles nothing. Least of all military power. Next year the same questions may and probably will arise in mills and mines that have called out the soldiery this year, and so on ever year until a standing army becomes a State institution. We do not believe the American people will tolerate such conditions unless a clear necessity can be shown. They will reach them through the ballot-box. When we can determine great questions of national concern with foreign nations by arbitration we surely ought to have the wisdom to impose a system of arbitration that will adjust dangerous labor questions through a tribunal constituted so as to command and deserve public respect and confidence. Voluntary arbitration seems to be a demonstrated failure. It is not thought of until strong antogonisms have arisen. Compulsory arbitration, to the extent set forth in the Australian plan, appears all that is left in the way of peaceful adjustment.—Pittsburg *Post*.

Centre county Republicans expect to make the election of some of their nominees. Well, we dont see anything so strong in their ticket to give them such hope, nor any name on the Democratic ticket to render it weak. We will carry the county by 800 majority.

That old, staunch, and able Democratic organ, the Pittsburg *Post*, was fifty years old on Saturday—may it live twice fifty again.

Two straws. Republican Vermont, last week, threw out a straw. Democratic Arkansas, also, last week threw out a straw. Both straws point direct to Cleveland.

WAGES ABROAD.

A persistent inquirer has finally induced an amateur Protection journal to publish a statement of the wages paid in various industries in England, France, Germany, Italy and Austria.

This is the only fair comparison to make—between countries of the Old World having similar conditions as to density of population, demand for labor, productiveness, cost of living and the other factors that everywhere control wages. To compare Old World wages with those of the New World is to ignore differences which are as obvious as they are vital.

From the figures given it appears, as the World has frequently pointed out and as every intelligent workingman knows, that wages in free trade England are from 30 to more than 100 per cent. higher than in protectionist France, Germany or Italy.

Blacksmiths, for instance, receive $8.62 per week in England, $4 in Germany and $5.31 in France. There is substantially the same difference in the pay of carpenters, masons, painters, machinists, shoemakers and other trades. Common laborers receive $5.29 per week in England, $3.11 in Germany and $3.03 in France.

If the tariff makes wages high in the United States, why does it not have the same effect in Germany and the other protectionists countries of Europe? No protectionist has ventured to answer that question and none will.

Tammany has begun to boom for Cleveland, and last Friday night's gathering with Bourke Cockran's ringing speech, puts aside all doubts as to where New York stands. Her voice will be for Cleveland, and tariff reform. The Empire state is Democratic, whenever our party is harmonious, and Harmony is inscribed on the banner there.

The Pennsylvania farmer is often told thai a high tariff is to his interests. Where is the farmer who can substantiate the assertion? His wheat is down to a lower price than any time in twenty years. He is fleeced on all hands by the venders of everything he buys. We have had high tariffs for twenty-five years and the farmer's testimony is that he never was in a worse plight. We ask the farmer, is not this the truth?

TROUBLESOME IFS.

If the increased tariff has raised wages it must—upon the protection theory—have added to the cost of production.

If it has done this how can prices be lower?

If the increased duty has not added to the price of imported goods it has not given any additional protection to the home manufacturers.

If it has added to the price it has been an extra burden upon consumers.

If the tariff has raised the price of farm products it must have added to the general cost of living.

If the increased duty has not diminished importations, as the Protectionists now claim, it has not secured a home market to manufacturers nor protected wage earners against the competition of pauper labor abroad.

If the foreigner pays the duty why did McKinley leave the Treasury so short of money?

These troublesome *ifs* are only the beginning of the labyrinth of the lies and paradoxes into which this tariff for bounties leads its defenders.

The Republicans might as well have no candidate on the track for congress against Honorable George F. Kribbs. Mr. Kribbs has been a faithful representative and deserves a re-election, and will get it by a large majority, but it might as well be made as near unanimous as possible.

At a meeting of the Democratic conferees of the Eighteenth Congressional district, W. W. Trout, editor of the Lewisoown *Free Press*, was nominated for Congress by acclamation. Our friend Trout should be elected—he would be a big fish in congress.

A PERIOD OF OVERPRODUCTION.

The bread and light of the world—wheat and oil—are selling at the lowest prices known for years. The available supply of the former is over 110,000,000 bushels, the largest on record, 24,000,000 bushels more than a year ago and 40,000,000 bushels more than at the same date in 1890. The visible supply of Pennsylvania oil is about 19,000,000 barrels and of Ohio oil 29,000,000 barrels. Cheapness in these two prime necessaries of life and comfort is not an unmixed blessing. The laborer is worthy of his hire, but the labor of producing wheat at 73 cents a bushel and oil at 55 cents a barrel, is not worthily paid. The depression in both commodities is due in a large measure to over-production, although the present quarantine restrictions no doubt have some bearing upon market conditions.

The Western wheat raiser and the Pennsylvania oil operator, however, are not the only sufferers in this respect. The Southern cotton planter and the pig iron producer have been compelled to face the problem of overproduction and have as yet only partially solved it. There seems to have been a surfeit of good things the past two years, and as sometimes happens to the human system, the commercial system is temporarily clogged. The money lender is just recovering from a similar state of congestion, and the producer has the consolation of knowing that his complaint, though serious, is not necessarily fatal.

Candidate for assembly, Hamilton, has got on the fence question. Now let him define his position also on the United States senator question. Is he Quay or nay? Many Republicans care more about the latter than the former.

Sixty Million Bushels of Wheat.—A Bush l for every Inhabitant of the United States. The Kansas Crop of '92.

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the great crop and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye barley and oat crops are made and are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands

3

The only subject President Harrison forgot to touch upon in his letter of acceptance, was bots in horses. Since his party has the disease the omission is to be regretted. He will, no doubt, make up for it by alluding to the subject in his next annual message, as his letter leaves him no other subject to treat upon.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits J. D. Murray Druggist.

Tourist Trip.

Round trips to the Pacific Coast.

Short trips to the Mountain Resorts of Colorado.

The Great Salt Lake.

Yellowstone National Park—the most wonderful spot on this continent.

Puget Sound, the Mediterranean of the Pacific Coast.

All reached via the Union Pacific System. For detailed information call on your nearest Ticket Agent or address

E. L. LOMAX,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.
t. f. Omaha. Neb.

A Cure For Paralysis.

Frank Cornelius of Purcell, Ind. Ter., says: "I induced Mr. Pinson, whose wife had paralysis in the face, to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great surprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a certain cure for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cents bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

Two Grand Excursions via Union Pacific on August 30th and Sept. 27th, 1892, to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico and Montana. This is a great opportunity to see the magnificent tracts of land offered for sale by the Union Pacific at low prices and on ten years time. For this occasion the Union Pacific will sell tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip. See your nearest ticket agent.

sep. 25

An Elegant Souvenir.

"The Western Resort Book," a finely illustrated publication descriptive of all the western resorts along the lines of the Union Pacific System. Sent free upon receipt of 6c. in stamps. Address

E. L. LOMAX
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent,
sep. 15 Omaha, Neb.

For many years Mr. B. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrahœa. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so that I feared it would end my life. About seven years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It gave me prompt relief, and I believe cure me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results." For sale by J. D. Murray Duggist.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Fall Term opens Sep. 12 in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg. Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of James Grove, dec'd., of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. F. REARICK.
J. P. GROVE,
Administrators.
sep1-6t Spring Mills.

JUST IN.

NEW LOT

OF

MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS

AT

$10.00.

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BELLEFONTE, - - - - PA.

"ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE."

In order to introduce our ELEGANT and ARTISTIC CRAYON PORTRAITS to yourself and your friends, we make you the following bona-fide offer, viz: If you will send us a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, we will make from it one of our finest three-quarter life size

CRAYON PORTRAITS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Our name and reputation as Artists are already well known throughout the United States but we desire to increase our customers; hence this special offer. We believe that one of our Elegant Portraits placed in your home will do us more good than other advertising. Send the photograph you desire copied to us inside of THIRTY DAYS FROM DATE. The Portrait we will make for you will be a sample, and its value $25.00 It will be as fine as can be made. Be sure and write your full name and address on the back of the photograph when you send it, as this will secure for you its safety. We guarantee its return, so have no fear of losing it. As to our responsibility, etc., we can refer you to the following parties in our city: Commercial Bank, Brooklyn; Wells, Fargo Express Company, American Express Co., United States Express Co., and R. G. Dunn & Co., New York and all commercial agencies. Hoping to receive your kind favors, we are, respectfully,

CODY & CO., 753 and 755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Cut this out and return it to us with the Photograph you desire copied.

AGENTS We want one in every town to handle the DEALERS

JACK FROST FREEZER.

A Scientific Machine made on a Scientific principle. Save their cost a dozen times a year It is not mussy or sloppy. A child can operate it Sells at sight. Send for prices and discounts.

29 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Makes Ice Cream in 30 Seconds.

Oregon, Washington and the Northwes Pacific Coast.

The constant demand of the traveling public to the far West for a comfortable and at the same time an economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman Colonist Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleeper, the only difference is that they are not unholstered.

They are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen, curtains, plenty of towels, combs brushes, etc., which secure to the occupant of a berth as much privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited. For full information send for Pullman Colonist Sleeper Leaflet. E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha Neb. t. f.

A MAN . . . . .

Always seek tomake investments fromwhich he can receive the most in return in benefits or dividends. $1.50 invested in a year's subscription to the "Reporter" will greatly benefit him and he will a dividend declared each week on the investment.

Harvest Excursions.—Half Rates.

August 30th and September 27th.

The Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets at half rates, good 20 days, to the cities and farming regions of the West, Northwest, and Southwest. Eastern Ticket Agents will sell through tickets on the same plan. See that they read over the Burlington Route, the best line from Chicago, Peoria, Quincy and St. Louis. For further information write P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent. Chicago.

july 21-2m.

NEBRASKA FARM LANDS.

Send your address, and that of your friends to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., for a free pamphlet descriptive of the farm lands of Nebraska.

This state produced in one year three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock.

july 21-2m

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.—A full Roller Process, Short System, Steam and Water power grist mill. Also four tracts of Mineral lands, underlaid with Coal, Fire clay and limestone. Contains from 100 to 300 acres each all located on Pittsburg Division of B & O. R. R. Enquire of

SAMUEL PHILSON,
aug 11-2m Berlin, Somerset County, Pa.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

——It is a positive fact that you can buy the best goods for the least money at the Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

A UniqueCountry where the Skies are almost Never Clouded while the air is Cool and Bracing, like Perpetual Spring.

As an anomalous southern resort, by reason of the fact that there one may escape summer heat no less than winter cold, New Mexico is rapidly becoming famous. Averaging throughout the entire territory 5,600 feet in altitude above sea-level, and characterized by dry air which, unlike a humid atmosphere, is incapable of communicating heat, the temperature in midsummer remains at a delightfully comfortable degree through the day, and at night becomes invariably brisk and bracing. The sunshine is almost constant, yet the most violent out-of-door exertion may be undertaken without fear of distressful consequences. Sunstroke or prostration are absolutely unknown there. It is an ideal land for a summer outing. Its climate is prescribed by reputable physicians as a specific for pulmonary complaints, and the medicinal Hot Springs at Las Vegas are noted for their curative virtues. The most sumptuous hotel in the west, the Montezuma, is located at these springs. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for "The Land of Sunshine," an entertaining and profusely illustrated book descriptive of this region, the most picturesque and romantic in the United States. 1

TAMMANY HALL COMES OUT BOLDLY FOR CLEVELAND.

On Friday night, last, Tammany Hall came out boldly for Cleveland and Stevenson. A meeting of the general committee has been called together to issue a call for the primaries of the district. Judge Nelson Smith presided. Well-known local politicians filled the boxes and the hall was crowded. The chairman made a brief address eulogistic of the Democratic candidates, and at each mention of Cleveland's name the hall shook with the cheers.

Congressman Bourke Cochran in one of his characteristic speeches then presented resolutions endorsing the declarations of principles adopted by the national Democratic convention at Chicago, condemning "as tending to subvert our constitutional system, the Republican policy of establishing a federal control of elections throughout the country whether that control be exercised by partisan boards such as the Republicans contemplated when in power, or by non-partisan boards such as the president under stress of political conditions declares that he is not ready to accept."

"The resolutions invite comparisons between the record of the Democratic party which preceded it. By the results of that comparison we are willing that the merits of the two parties should be decided. Believing as we do that the security of the government, the prosperity of commerce and the happiness of the people can best be maintained by the success of the Democratic party we do cordially pledge our untiring efforts to the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency and Adlai Stevenson to the vice presidency of the United States."

Nancy Hanks must look to her laurels. With a pneumatic tired ball bearing sulky, the fleet little mare has made a mile in 2.07 on an oval track. On Friday at Springfield, Mass., Arthur A. Zimmerman, the bicycle champion, beat the record of Nancy Hanks by making a mile in 2.06 4-5. The gain in speed made by the man over the horse is only a fifth of a second. But it is interesting as showing the mechanical perfection to which the bicycle has been brought and the tremendous power there is in a set of well developed, thoroughly trained human muscles. A race between Nancy and Zimmerman over an oval track would be a sight worth going far to see.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drugstore.

There appears to be some doubt as to the ability of the Marietta Manufacturing Company to turn out all the election booths necessary to supply the several counties of the State for the approaching November election. Over 10,000 of the 23,000 required are still to be manufactured, and the manager of the company says it will require steady work, with no mishaps to complete the contract by November 1.

The question has been asked us: "Has a town council the right to tax or license some and exempt others from same." The constitution, which every town councilman swears to support, puts all citizens on an equality, and clearly prescribes that all citizens of the same class must be taxed alike.

—At Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, all the latest styles in foot wear are kept in stock and at prices lower than elsewhere.

We Can't do it

If are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of **cheap** material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC — TRADE MARK

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.

FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

A young man of 32 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, having at least 10 to 12 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.

N. QUINTAL.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEG

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW. NEW BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
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4. (CIVIL ENGINEERING, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING;) These courses are accompanied with very extensive practical exercises in the Field, the Shop, and the Laboratory.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. MATERIAL ART AND DESIGN.
7. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
8. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course.
9. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
10. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens Sept. 14, 1892. Examinations for admission, June 16, and Sept. 13. Commencement week June 12-15, 1892. For Catalogue or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest., State College, Centre Co., Pa

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
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7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis	.25
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9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
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11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25
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SPECIFICS

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21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions** & Eruptions	.50

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horse and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (300 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry—Sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

As a general liniment for sprains and bruises or for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated or muscular pains, Chamberlain's Pain Balm is unrivaled. For sale by J. D. Murray.

Centre Hall - Mills -

All grades of Roller flour constantly onhand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

All grades of Chop.

Bran, fine and coarse.

Coal, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland, all sizes.

All kinds of grain wanted and cash paid for same at highest market prices.

Terms, for Flour, Feed and Coal, strictly cash.

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TREATMENT BY INHALATION !

1529 Arch St., Philad'a Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

AND ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

It has been in use for more than twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommend it—a very significant fact.

It is agreeable. There is no nauseous taste, nor after-taste, nor sickening smell.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

Please mention this paper. 18ep9m

Capt. W. A. Abbott, who has long been with Messrs. Percival and Hatton Real Estate and Insurance Brokers, Des Moines, Iowa, and is one of the best known and most respected business men in that city, says; "I can testify to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Having used it in may family for the past eight years I can safely say it has no equal for either coulds or croup." 25 and 50 cents bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Eve Dashem, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHELL, Executor.

aug18-6t

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SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW.—*The Farmers Favorite Plow.* This plow runs so steady that a boy who can drive the team can man the plow. There are seven different suction shares to this plow—for plowing clay, gravelly and stony soil. These shares are of the best make, which we sell at lower prices than any other first-class chilled plow share can be purchased. A trial of this plow will convince the most skeptical, that the plow will fulfil our claims.

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS.—We propose hereafter to buy Spring Tooth Harrows outside of the Spring Tooth Harrow Monopoly, therefore we now offer Spring Tooth Harrows at $1.50 to $2.00 each less than the combination prices. We want every farmer to know that we are headquarters for the best implements and low prices.

Conklin Wagons, Champion Wagons, Farm Carts and Wheel Barrows.

Champion Road Machines and Champion Stone Crushers—the popular machinery for improving roads.

BARBED WIRE.—Cambria Link Wire. Plain and barbed hog wire at lowest prices.

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We have a full line of Farmers Supplies, which we are prepared to furnish at Rock Bottom Prices. We invite farmers to call and see us.

We have a fine line of buggies, surreys and carts—we recently purchased a job lot of pleasure carts, which we sell at $16.50. These carts cannot be duplicated at the price.

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Bellefonte, - - - Pa.

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Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled

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Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D.C.

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Special attention given to repairs.

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All goods guaranteed.

Small goods delivered free of charge if ordered in due time.

W. L. GOODHART,

Millheim, - - - - - Pa.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby given that a special appeal on the triennial assessment of unseated lands for the year 1892, will be held in the Commissioners office, in Bellefonte, Pa., for the several assessment of districts, as follows:

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 19TH,

Rush, Spring, Potter, Harris, College, Benner, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton and Worth townships.

ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 20TH,

Snow Shoe, Taylor, Union, Huston, Boggs, Howard, Liberty, Marion and Walker townships.

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21st,

Burnside, Curtin, Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles townships.

GEO. L. GOODHART,
T. FRANK ADAMS,
J. B. STROHM,
Attest, ROBT. F. HUNTER, Clerk.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 12, '92. 3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Daniel Horner, dec'd., of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

J. S. HOUSEMAN, Administrator, Tusseyville.

uly 28-6t

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We open this season with all the latest productions of

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J. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, E. L. ORVIS.
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Crider's Exchange building on second floor. jan85

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Conrad Building. jan92

CLEMANT DALE,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. jan87

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES.
SPANGLER & HEWES,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention to collections. Practice in all the courts. Consultation in German and English. jan92

BANKS.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
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Receive deposits. Discount notes.
jan92 J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

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S. Woods Caldwell, Proprietor.
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor. jan92

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W. L. Daggett, Proprietor,
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Special attention given to country trade. apr90

FOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Emanuel Brown, Proprietor,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate.

NEW GARMAN HOUSE,
Opposite Court House,
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New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

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Free bus to and from all trains.

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Free bus to and from all trains. Good sample rooms on first floor. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

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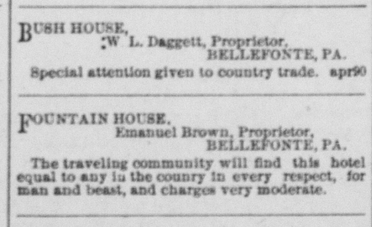

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m 5 Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a. m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.:

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a. m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore, 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

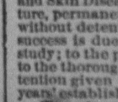
LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2		5 50	Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 20		6 20	Lewisburg	9 10		4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58	7 25	7 53	Coburn	7 32	7 10	3 18
4 06	7 32	8 01	Zerby	7 24	7 02	3 10
4 15	7 50	8 10	Rising Spring	7 16	6 54	3 02
4 23	7 58	8 18	Penn Cave	7 10	6 48	2 54
4 28	8 03	8 24	Centre Hall	7 05	6 42	2 47
4 34	8 09	8 32	Gregg	6 57	6 36	2 40
4 40	8 16	8 37	Linden Hall	6 50	6 30	2 32
4 45	8 20	8 42	Oak Hall	6 45	6 25	2 27
4 49	8 24	8 46	Lemont	6 41	6 22	2 23
4 53	8 28	8 51	Dale Summit	6 37	6 17	2 18
5 02	8 37	9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28	6 09	2 08
5 05	8 40	9 04	Axemann	6 25	6 05	2 04
5 10	8 45	9 10	Bellefonte	6 20	6 00	2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10.25 a m. 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD Gen'l Pass'ger Agt.

$25 NEW HIGH ARM Favorite Singer



LOW ARM, $20.00

Drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, nickel ring and a full set of Attachment equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct from the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to **Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 201 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.**

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Are the oldest in America for the treatment of

Special Diseases & Youthful Errors,

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Strictures, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, permanently cured by improved methods without detention from business. The Doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A 40 years' establishment is our guarantee of success.

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

A VERY curious case has just been brought before one of the Rouen law courts. Some time ago a tight-rope dancer was performing at a local music hall when the wire suddenly broke and she fell from a giddy height right on the unfortunate conductor of the orchestra, who was so overcome by the shock that he fainted and when he recovered consciousness was found to be deaf and dumb. The affair created no little excitement in the Norman town, and a tremendous controversy soon prevailed. The inhabitants, indeed, were divided into two camps—one side inclining to the opinion that the unlucky conductor was only shamming, while the other stoutly and indignantly maintained that there could not be the slightest doubt as to his good faith. Although nearly two years have elapsed since the accident occurred, the unfortunate musician has not uttered a syllable, nor has he shown by the most feeble sign that he can hear a word that is addressed to him. His application for damages, however, has been rejected. In the judgment it is set forth that if he became dumb it was not owing to his "receiving" the tight-rope dancer on his head, but to the "saisissement" resulting therefrom, and attributable to his excessively nervous temperament. This judgment is exciting a certain amount of criticism, considerable sympathy being felt in many quarters for the unlucky victim of the music-hall accident.

CHARLES W. DUNTZ lives on the Landing road, Kinderhook, N. Y., near the Halfway house. One morning recently, while his wife was engaged in cleaning a portrait that had been in their possession more than a quarter of a century, she accidentally broke through the cover on the back and saw underneath it a piece of paper. She pulled it out and found that it was an old $2 bill. She called her son's attention to it and the lad took the cover off. Underneath it they found two $500 bills issued by a bank in Massachusetts, one in 1856, the other in 1861. During the day Mr. Duntz took the bills to the Union Bank and learned that the bank of issuance was still in existence, and that the bills were probably genuine and worth their face value. Mr. Reynolds, teller of the bank, communicated with the Massachusetts bank people and learned that it had $500 bills of the old state issue still out and was ready to redeem them if they were genuine. About twenty-eight years ago, says Rough Notes, this picture was sent to Mr. Duntz by a wealthy relative, who requested that it should be carefully kept in the family, the portrait being that of a daughter who is still living. Mr. Duntz thinks that the donor placed the money where it was found, expecting that it would be discovered some day when it would be of some real benefit to the finder. She was very peculiar in her ways at all times.

MINERAL SPRINGS (Ohio) comes to the front with a monstrosity. The head of the child, if such it can be called, resembles a rhinoceros, and is of soft cartilage and almost transparent. By close observation the blood can be traced. The least touch will cause the child to open its mouth and make a noise like an enraged animal, says the San Francisco Examiner. A triangular mark of blue color extends entirely across its forehead. The case is vouched for by Dr. Connor, N. W. Cross and E. W. Johnson, of Mineral Springs. The freak consumes about three quarts of milk daily. The child belongs to a family residing near Blue Creek, in that county. Its left eye is black, while the right eye is a deep blue. Its hair from its nose back to the right side is light and fine, while the opposite is coarse and black. The left hand and foot resemble the claws of an animal. It makes short barks like a dog.

A SUIT for breach of promise of marriage was recently brought against a woman, and decided against her, too, at the Assizes in Chester, England. The plaintiff was a young farmer named Albert Timmis, and he sued Miss Mary Birch, a young woman of small fortune. The plaintiff said that for two or three years Miss Birch had "kept him dangling at her heels just to please her vanity, without the slightest intention to redeem her promise to marry him. At the last moment she threw him over in a most heartless fashion. She said she was too good for a farmer's wife." She also insinuated that he was after her money. The young farmer said he wanted to clear his character of these aspersions. The Judge said the young man had a real grievance, his letters revealed manly and touching sentiments, and he had been badly treated. The jury gave him £50 damages.

I. HOUGH, a laborer at Castle Rock, Col., was driving a pin in the ground with a hatchet, when a bolt of lightning descended from a clear sky and struck him. The top was taken off his hat and consumed and the rim of the hat was split. His hair was singed all over his head and upon the crown it is burned in precisely the shape of a tonsure, a spot about the size of a quarter being left wholly bare. A livid mark is left across his breast from shoulder to shoulder and directly above his heart a hole was burned in his shirt. Around the body, below the waist, extends a belt of flesh about four inches wide, black and blue and dotted with numerous small holes. Down his back and legs are streaks, and the inside of his legs are burned. Hough remained unconscious till 10 o'clock, when he recovered his senses and is still alive.

THERE is nothing unusual in hair turning white, but a case in which the hair turned black again after being white was recently told by a gentleman from Detroit. A lady of that city originally had black eyes and hair, but in the course of time, when she had attained the age of about seventy, her hair turned pure white. This was expected, but about a year ago her hair began darkening and is now as black as jet. There is no doubt about the change, nor was any artificial means used to produce it, so the case is certainly one of the most remarkable recorded in the annals of medical history. The lady was not conscious of any change in diet or in her physical condition that would justify the curious phenomenon, so it is absolutely inexplainable on any known hypothesis.

A UNIQUE collection of cats is possessed by Dr. Susan Janeway Coltman, of Germantown, Pa., a much respected lady who studied medicine but has not practised since she inherited her father's fortune in 1883. The cats number twenty-two in all, and include yellow Persian, Manx, white Maltese, English tiger, "feather-tailed" Turkish, Skye, Zanzibar and other felines of unique beauty or of illustrious pedigree. Miss Coltman values her pets at $5,000. When her cat family grows larger than she wishes it to be, she sells the superfluous kittens and devotes the proceeds to charity.

AN equipage that would have attracted attention even in old Acadia is that driven by Uncle Dennett of Cape Elizabeth, Me., who supplies the summer cottagers of that vicinity with milk, eggs, and garden truck. It consists of a two-year-old bull, harnessed by means of a crooked yoke to a light cart, which is also a boat. By means of reins of rope attached to a ring in the bull's nose and drove through rings on his horns, he is driven as easily as most horses. With this queer outfit Uncle Dennett makes two or three trips a week to the beach, crossing the Spurwink River on the way. The bull swims the river like a dog, and the water-tight cart-body easily supports the driver and load.

"DID you ever ride on a train where they stop to kill snakes?" asked a young man a few days ago in the Blairsville (Penn.) Reporter. "Well, I did. While coming over the Redstone branch, in Fayette County, last week, the train suddenly checked its speed and stopped. On going to the windows and platform to learn the cause of the sudden stoppage the passengers were treated to a novel sight. The fireman, with a long poker, and the engineer, with a link, were making frantic efforts to kill a large snake. When the task was completed the fireman coolly remarked to his companion, 'John, here is where we killed that one yesterday.'"

JOHN S. ALLES, of Pittsburg, Pa., is said to suffer with an annual recurrence of hydrophobia. When he was twelve years old he was bitten by a mad dog in the street. The wound healed in a few weeks, but a year afterward he became ill and developed all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Under the influence of powerful opiates he at last became quiet and slept, awaking exhausted, but apparently well. He is now twenty-seven years of age, and every August since he was bitten has had a recurrence of the hydrophobia symptoms, and each more violent than the last.

THE young and the old are smart in the Pine Tree State. Ida Gibbs, the ten-year-old daughter of John Gibbs of Brooks, Me., has driven a horse rake all over 100 acres of hay fields this summer, raking the hay up clean, and has taken care of the horses besides. The town of Cooper, Me., boasts of a lady of seventy-three who rakes up after a mowing machine as well as any of the men.

A WHITE swallow was seen in the Mystic Valley at West Medford, Mass., the other afternoon, to the wonder of a number of people of that town. The bird was pure white with the exception of a little dark spot on the under side of the wings near the body. When last seen a flock of common swallows was driving the white bird from the field.

THE danger of small boys fishing for big game was illustrated at Pottstown, Penn., by John Keim, a lad of thirteen years. He stood on the Schuylkill River bridge and in attempting to land a five-pound bass he was pulled over the railing and into the water, thirty-five feet below. Friends pulled him out and found his leg broken, but he got the fish.

ACCORDING to J. B. Winkler, there is only one penalty for all crimes in Corea—to cut off the heads of the culprits. Some time ago Mr. Winkler charged a servant with stealing his sleeve-buttons, and, believing that he had swallowed them, the tribunal before which he was arraigned politely offered to have him cut open in search of evidence.

THE Rev. John H. Coleman, a Methodist minister of Troy, says that his father and his uncle are the oldest twins now living in the United States. His father is a farmer of Gloversville, N. Y., and his uncle is a Methodist minister of Fond du Lac, Wis. They are ninety-two years of age, have "never been sick a day" and "do not know the taste of liquor or tobacco."

HARD luck and constant disappointments caused a lady in Paris to commit suicide in a novel way. She applied leeches all over her body, and soon died of exhaustion.

He Wanted His Fruit.

The author of "The American Siberia" tells the following story of a one-armed convict in the south, whose duty it was to couple cars on the railroad:

One evening he was standing on the end of the first flat car, pin in hand, ready to make a coupling when the engine should approach closely enough. He was holding some oranges, and his attention was somewhat divided between his duty and the safety of his fruit. The engine was not backing in but coming pilot first, and when the coupling bar struck the socket the shock threw the man off his feet. He fell between the two, and before the engine could be stopped it struck him, doubled him together and ran over his body, lifting the truck wheels quite off the track. There he was, wedged into a ball sustaining the whole enormous weight, and the pilot was canted over him at an angle of 45 degrees.

The captain of the gang supposed the man to be dead, and it was with no hope of saving him that he shouted to the convicts to pry up the engine at once. They ran at the word. Beams were thrust under, the great mass of metal was raised by main force and the man was pulled out. To the amazement of every one he stretched himself, felt his limbs and body, slowly regained his feet and said:

"Whar's my oranges?"

AMERICA'S SAHARA.

WONDERS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

Its Appearance, Rivers, Oases, and Winds—Sand Storms—Inhabitants of the Desert.

In some respects the Great American Desert is a curious anomaly. Thirty years ago it was a very stern reality to many who sought the Golden Gate via the overland route, and spent weary days and nights along the tortuous defiles of the Santa Fe trail. About the same time there was in our school geographies a wide expanse—on the map—dotted with little marks which gave it a gray and desolate aspect. In some of the books this was marked "The American Sahara;" and that conjured up to our young minds a veritable African desert with its interminable reaches of sand and its too infrequent oases. In others it was labeled the "Colorado Desert," and so Colorado became the synonym of all that was flat, stale and unprofitable in our then little known Western territory.

Then came a transformation. Railways were projected, and built toward the setting sun, and the desert disappeared from the map; and, mirabile dictu, we were told it had likewise disappeared from the land; that the railway had proven itself a rain-maker and that a copious precipitation of that important article, which falls upon the just and the unjust alike, was making the arid hunting grounds of the wild Apache a paradise of verdure. This does very well as a fairy tale, but the bald fact remains that we possess still a desert as grim and absolute as the Sahara.

Until about 1850 little accurate information was obtained about this desert. People who had crossed it and lived to tell the tale, hardly had their stories credited. But in the year above named a United States surveying party, under the command of Lieutenant Wheeler, made a thorough scientific exploration and established its character beyond further question. In speaking of a desert we are apt to imagine a level sandy plain. This we have here, but we have more also.

There are ragged mountain ranges, extinct volcanoes, vast expanses of black bristling lava beds, and chasms which serve to remind us of what the earth was when chaos reigned. And each of these features, while themselves vast marks upon the face of nature, yet exist without impairing the general character of the desert, for the region claimed by it is of such immense territorial extent, that it might constitute an empire. Fifteen hundred miles long from north to south and half that in width, it stretches from Idaho down to the Gulf of California, and into Mexico, and includes portions of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Texas.

As it varies in topography, so does it in the qualities or degrees of barrenness. Parts of it produce some vegetation; greasewood, cacti and Spanish bayonet will live where anything will, and these are frequently found. But there are great areas where no plant of any sort will grow.

In some portions of the desert it is hotter than anywhere else in America, perhaps than anywhere else in the world. The mercury runs up in the summer as high as 135 degrees in the shade. This is an atmospheric condition that is hard to realize by us who sweat and fume whenever the mercury registers among the nineties. Life, at such a time, is almost insupportable by either the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and these sands are left alone to the sun.

Among the chief characteristics of this desert are the rivers, the oases and the winds. The Colorado is almost the only one among all the streams that is like an ordinary river. This has some water in its bed throughout the year, although the quantity varies suddenly and enormously. And it also has, what at first may not seem very peculiar, a source and a mouth. In this, however, it differs from most of the rivers of the desert, for, while their sources are definite enough, it often happens that they lose themselves in the sands and come to an ignominious end while yet a long way from the sea, toward which all respectable rivers are supposed to be bound.

The oases of this desert differ from those of the Sahara, being the narrow valleys watered with the flowing streams, while those of the latter are caused by natural springs. But both serve the same purpose, making green spots where the traveler may rest and refresh both himself and his beast, and so gather new strength and courage for the hardships and dangers that lie beyond. And right here let me state another point of resemblance between this desert and the Sahara, which will probably be new to most of my readers, and that is that camels are to be found here. How many there are I do not know.

But from the reports of strolling prospectors who encountered them from time to time, there must be a considerable number. They are the outcome of a considerable importation made by an enterprising adventurer many years ago, who thought to use them for beasts of burden. But from some unexplained reason they failed to compete successfully with the native burro, and in time were turned loose. Being of an unsocial nature they retired to the more isolated parts of the desert, where they have not only found life worth living, but where they have apparently thriven and multiplied.

But after all the wind and the sand are the great features of the desert. The two are inseparable in the mind, for when the wind blows, which it almost always does, the sands are likewise disturbed. Because of this we do not hear the wind called a "simoon" or even a "wind-storm," but simply and graphically a "sand-storm." That is what it is; the sand storms about over the land, and woe be to the man or beast that encounters it unprepared. It cuts, and pierces and blinds and stings and stifles. One cannot face it at its worst. If caught out upon the open, they must lie down and bury their faces in the earth and draw a blanket close about their heads, and remain thus until it passes.

The sand drifts about like snow. Towns are being uncovered that have lain buried for a century; others that now rear their six feet of adobe walls proudly above the plain, will be covered to-morrow or next day, and they who come after us will uncover again, a hundred years hence, the ruins of a prehistoric race and time.

But the sands do not merely shift upon the level plain. Far up, upon the heads of rocky cliffs, hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet above the level, great masses of sand are thrown by the sweeping wind which lifts it as with a scoop and scatters it far aloft. Tons upon tons, acre upon acre, of surface, fathom upon fathom of depth, there it lies. Let who will play pitch and toss with the god—with Kabibonokka, the North Wind.

Yet there is another aspect of the Great Desert. It is a land of wonders, the like of which exists not anywhere else in our whole land. The two most strange of all our aboriginal races are here, the Cliff Dwellers and the builders of the Pueblos. The former are as far from civilization as human being can well get, living in cave-like habitations perched far up the faces of rocky and precipitous cliffs. The Pueblos come so near civilization that it is almost wrong to class them as savages.

Their houses, two, three and four stories in height, show them to be far removed from savagery in their knowledge of architecture; and their skill in the arts of peace, husbandry, weaving and pottery, and their dislike of war put them in vivid contrast with their Apache neighbors. Their villages are as strange and curious as any feature of this region which is the product of the hand of man and will repay the sight-seer as well, perhaps, as any other single thing except the Grand Canon of the Colorado. This, which undoubtedly deserves to be classed as the greatest natural wonder of the whole world, is in itself reason enough why one should journey hither. It is difficult of access, but well repays the time and labor required to reach it. But the description of this marvel I must defer until my next letter. J. K. R.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

SOFT BOILED EGGS.—Put the eggs in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and let them stand where they will keep hot, but not boil, for six minutes. The white should be of a soft, white, jelly-like consistency, and the yoke soft, but not liquid. To boil eggs hard, keep the water just below the boiling point twenty minutes.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One quart of milk (fresh from the cow), one teacupful yeast, three pints of flour. Make into a sponge, and when light work in a well-beaten egg, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, a tablespoonful of sugar and enough white flour to make a soft dough. Set in a warm place till very light, form into round balls, dip each on one side in melted butter and put in a baking pan When light (in about an hour) cut deeply across each ball with a sharp knife. Bake half an hour. Dipping them in melted butter makes them fall apart readily when turned out from the pan.

GREEN CORN.—Green corn is distinctively an American vegetable, in its familiar form of succotash, when it is cooked with Lima beans, or when it is boiled upon the cob. Yet there are many other excellent ways of cooking this vegetable, which are equally delicious and not so familiar. It is not generally known that green corn makes a delicious soup either by itself or with tomatoes.

Cut one pint of corn from the cob. Do not cut the kernel entire from the cob, but with a very sharp knife cut the outer edge of each kernel off. Then scrape the ear. This brings all the milk and pulp of the kernel and leaves very little of the hull. Corn scraped from the cob in this way is much better than when it is cut in entire kernels from the cob. This is also the best way to prepare corn for succotash.

To make the soup, put the pint of corn thus scraped in a double boiler with a quart of milk, and cook it for ten minutes; then take two even tablespoonfuls of flour and mix them with a tablespoonful of butter, which has been melted in a hot spider. Add a half cup of milk to this mixture, and then a cup of the soup in the double boiler. When the mixture boils up, stir it well and add it to the soup in the double boiler. Cook it about five minutes longer in the double boiler, stirring it all the time. At the end of this time add the yolks of two eggs, beating them into a little of the boiling mixture first. Stir the soup two minutes after the yolks of the eggs are added. Then serve it at once.

This soup is very nice served with little squares of white bread from which the moisture has been thoroughly dried.

Cocoa and its Uses.

Properly considered in connection with tea, the cocoa bean presents many interesting features. While it can never be considered as a possible product in the United States, it is, nevertheless, a matter of interest for our farmers. We are not only interested in what we grow ourselves, but almost equally so in those agricultural products for which we must look to other countries. In part seven of Bulletin No. 13 of the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture we find an interesting chapter on cocoa and its preparations. The raw material from which the cocoas and chocolates of commerce are derived is the cocoa bean, the seed of the cocoa tree. Central and South America furnish the most important supply of this material. From Mexico to Peru on the West coast, and from Mexico to southern Brazil on the east coast, and on the West Indian Islands the more favorable conditions for its culture are met. The cocoa tree grows from eighteen to thirty-six feet in hight, blooms continually, and yields two crops a year. The fruit has a yellowish appearance, is from four to six inches in length, and two to three inches in diameter. From twenty-five to forty seeds grow in the fleshy pulp of this fruit, arranged in longitudinal rows. The seeds are egg-shaped, about half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick.—[American Farmer.

In underground London there are 3,000 miles of sewers, 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 3,200 miles of gaspipes, and 4,500 miles of water mains.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Alive to the End—A Natural Inference—Uncomfortable—A Financial Crisis, How Tommy Got Tired, Etc., Etc.

ALIKE IN THE END.

They say the baby looks like me,
A circumstance I dreaded;
But the only likeness I can see,
Is that we're both bald-headed.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

Teacher—When was Rome built, say, Fritzchen?

Fritzchen—Rome was built in the night.

Teacher—How do you make that out, you silly boy?

Fritzchen—Because you always said, sir, that Rome was not built in a day.

UNCOMFORTABLE.

Tired Traddles—Yeh look awfully comfortable to-day, Weary.

Weary Wiggins—An' I'd orter. I've just stolen a ride in from Chicago on a refrigerator car.

A FINANCIAL CRISIS.

"Lend me a dollar, Twemblo, I'm broke."

"What's the matter?"

"Quarreled with my best girl."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Just paid the postage on the letters she asked me to return."—[Cleveland News.

HOW TOMMY GOT TIRED.

Tommy—Oh, mother, I'm awfully tired! Freddie Brown and I have been sawing wood.

Mother—How much wood did you saw, Tommy?

Tommy—I didn't saw any. I furnished the saw.—[Yankee Blade.

AN ALARM CLOCK ECHO.

"There is a splendid echo in this wood, Herr Lehmann; it repeats your call four times, and after a long interval, too!"

"There's nothing in that, mein fraulein. When I go to bed at nights, at my villa in the Grunewald, I shout into the wood: 'Willem, wake up!' and the echo wakes me at 5 prompt the next morning.—[Chicago Journal.

CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

Master Harry (a saucy young boarder at Breezy Farm)—I say, Mr. Landlord, my papa wants to know if you expect to continue feeding us all on wind.

The Landlord—Well, your mamma said when she came here that it was principally for the air.—[Judge.

AN ECONOMICAL GIRL.

He—You know, darling, that I am not very rich, so if we are married we must live as cheaply as possible. Can you be economical?

She—I should think, Harold, I had shown you that already."

"Shown me—how?"

"Why, haven't I saved money for papa by sitting in the same chair with you every night you have been here for the last year?"—[Boston News.

THE HAMMOCK.

Although it's all the rage just now,
In getting in be humble;
You find, unless you know just how,
You're apt to take a tumble.
—[Judge.

ONE WAY TO SAVE.

Plug—Do you want to know how to save $5?

Slug—You bet I do.

Plug—Send me ten and I'll give half of it back to you in five minutes.—[Detroit Free Press.

REASSURED.

She (fearfully)—I don't know what I'd do if I thought you were marrying me for my money!

He (soothingly)—Then, darling, don't think it; I'm sure it will be ever so much pleasanter for us both if you don't!

GOOD FOR ONE THING, ANYWAY.

Miss Fenis—Why don you like to play tennis with young Mr. Doughface? He can't return one ball in ten.

Miss Georgiana—I know, but he's so obliging about chasing lost balls.

A CONGENIAL FATE.

Persevering Widower—It was she who drove me to drink.

Miss A. (a little weary)—What could she have driven you to that you would have liked better?—[Life.

KEEPING IT UP.

"I'm afraid they've got me," said the nervous candidate.

"Don't give up yet," whispered the election manager, "that feller you started early this mornin' is still votin'!"

ROUNDABOUT INFERENCE.

He (suspiciously)—Has any other fellow ever kissed you, Marguerite?

She—No, Horatio, why do you ask?

He—You were self-possessed enough to scream.—[Truth.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

Dix—Mrs. Dix was mourning to-day because Mrs. Hicks hadn't been in.

Hicks—She has been very miserable.

Dix—What has been the matter?

Hicks—Some one told her a profound secret and it has rained pitchforks ever since.

THE EVER YOUNG.

She—At what age do you think women should marry?

He—Oh, I'm in favor of allowing them to call it what they like.

SIGNS OF TROUBLE.

Gertie—Papa, will our new mamma go mad after a while?

Father—What a question! Why do you ask such a thing?

Gertie—Well I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you.[—Kate Field's Washington.

AS THE SAYING GOES.

Mrs. Keedick (praising young Mr. Adlet to her daughter)—He doesn't smoke, drink, or swear. He's a good boy and would be true to you.

Miss Keedick (shaking her head)—He's too good to be true, mamma.—[Truth.

VERY AMIABLE.

Jess—There is one thing to be said in Jack's favor; he is amiable to a fault.

Bess—That's true enough; especially if it chances to be one of his own.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

In farther Nebraska:

"Hev' them rain-makers been doin' anything fur yer crops?"

"Not egzacly fur mine. But they shot off some bombs at Neighbor Hinkses a week ago and I'll be dummed if th' newspapers don't say it's rainin' in York state like the mischief.—[Chicago News.

THREE FEMININE PREFERENCES.

Three girls were exchanging confidences and telling each other what sort of men they like best.

First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second Girl—That's true; but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as the man with a future.

Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present.—[Judge.

DIDN'T COMMIT HIMSELF.

Ethel—Oh, Ernest, have you seen father?

Ernest—Yes; I've just come from his office.

Ethel—And did he give his consent?

Ernest—I couldn't quite make out. He was so non-committal.

Ethel—Well, what did he say?

Ernest—He didn't say anything at all.

Ethel—Didn't you ask him?

Ernest—I said: "Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?" and he turned and looked at me a minute, then he began to turn red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters and before I could ask him again he had slammed his door and locked it.—[Boston Courier.

NOT THE WAY IT IS DONE.

She—Why don't you pick out some nice girl in your set and marry her?

He—Humph! You don't know the girls in our set. They do the picking out.—[Life.

THE CAPE COD FARMER.

Wool—I met a bunco man this morning who had just had a round with a Cape Cod farmer.

Van Pelt—Did he skin him?

Wool—Yes; the bunco man was crying when I saw him.—[New York Herald.

A GENTLE HINT.

Uncle Jack—What will you do when you get to be a man?

Little Jack—I'll give all the boys I know a baseball.

THAT SETTLED IT.

"Your brother John has fallen in love with some uptown girl, I hear."

"Yes."

"Is she handsome?"

"Very beautiful."

"Have you seen her?"

"Not yet."

"How do you know she is beautiful, then?"

"John says so."—[New York Press.

MADE HER LOOK WELL.

Clara—How well you looked on the street yesterday.

Maude (immensely flattered)—Do you really think so? I am awfully glad.

Clara—Yes, you had on such a becoming veil.—[Cloak Review.

HIS CHIEF CHARM LOST.

Ethel—Oh, there goes that handsome Mr. Hobson!

Enid—He's just become engaged to Miss Morley.

Ethel—Has he? I don't think he's very good looking, do you?—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

"Spaccrates, I saw you to-day carrying a sun umbrella. What for?"

"To protect my head from the hot sun, of course, my dear Joblots."

"But that's no reason. I never carry one."

"Well, Joblots, if my head was as thick as yours I wouldn't either."—[New York Herald.

Childrens Hair.

The care of little girls' hair is often neglected by mothers very careful in other things. Good overlooking in their childhood days, however, is what gives so many young women the glory of a fine head of hair. It is most unwise to trust the daily combing to an impatient, often hurried nurse. Hasty combing breaks the hair, making it rough and uneven. Brush out as much of tangle and mat as possible, and separate the hair to single strands before using the comb. It is a mistake to think girls' hair should be often cut to grow thick. It makes the hair coarser but not thicker. Weak, thin hair is a sign of imperfect health, and its existence should set a mother to a careful examination of her growing girl. She is not getting proper food, is not sleeping enough or in some other way her normal vitality is not being kept up. It is also a mistake to wash the hair too often; it makes it dry and brittle. Let the hair of growing children be uncovered and hang loosely just as much as possible. The hair of the Saxony peasant brings the highest market price; that always hangs from their heads in braids from babyhood. Perspiration is bad for the hair and for this reason light hats ought to be selected for the children in warm weather. One of the best cleansers and strengtheners for thin hair with a tendency to fall out is rosemary tea. Pour hot water over the leaves and let them boil for a few minutes before straining. Apply to the roots of the hair with a brush. Castor oil and quinine in alcohol with a little rosewater is also an excellent tonic; the oil may be omitted if the hair is not dry.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Celestial Sympathizers."

TEXT: "*I have fought with beasts at Ephesus.*"—I Corinthians xv., 32.

Crossing the Alps by the Mount Cenis pass or through the Mount Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Veronia, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators.

At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst they are let out upon some victim who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively but literally that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands, come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant.

Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasted strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race, but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is that every Christain man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die and you shall be victor, through Christ! Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out; for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy! Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bonding throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot! I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out, "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian.

Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven. Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ!"

The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and then they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and then set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over as bright as noonday.

And now they sit yonder in the martyr's gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardships, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena."

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again and see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing.

And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved, and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed

> Must you be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fought to win the prize
> Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

> Your harps, ye trembling saints,
> Down from the willows take:
> Loud to the praise of love divine,
> Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

> A charge to keep you have,
> A God to glorify;
> A never dying soul to save,
> And fit it for the sky!

I look again and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry."

They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying: "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tip toe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying: "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe! Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again! How shall we ever become discouraged again! How shall we ever feel lonely again!

With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

> Sure I must fight if I would reign—
> Be faithful to my Lord;
> And bear the Cross, endure the pain,
> Supported by Thy Word.
>
> Thy saints in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer, though they die;
> They see the triumph from afar
> And seize it with their eye.
> When that illustrious day shall rise,
> And all Thine armies shine
> In robes of victory through the skies,
> The glory shall be Thine.

My hearer, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here." "Oh I heard the roll call of heaven and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our name will be called in the muster role of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we cry, "Here! Here!"

She Waits for Her Daughter.

"How late do you stay out?" asked a New York Commercial Advertiser reporter of an old and crippled woman who grinds a small and wheezy hand-organ nightly on Third avenue, sometimes on one corner and sometimes on another, above Fifty-ninth street. "About an hour longer," she replied in a voice even more wheezy than the organ. It was after midnight then; the moon shone brightly and the air was close after the heat of the day. "Go home now and I'll give you a quarter," urged the reporter. "I can't; I'm lame," she replied, "and must wait for my daughter." It was evident that the poor creature was only too willing to start homeward, so the reporter and a companion picked the organ up and supported the old woman home. On the doorstep lay the figure of a woman. She was the daughter, and intoxicated. "Oh, sometimes she forgets me," explained the old woman, "and I'm out all night, but it does not happen very often."

The Cause of Haze.

At the top of Finouillet (1,000 feet in height), near Hyeres, Mr. Aitken found one day no fewer than 250,000 dust particles in the cubic inch of the air, when there was a very thick haze, and the wet bulb depression was five degrees. Another day the number was reduced to 12,000, when the air was very clear, and the wet bulb depression was nine degrees. Similar observations were made at Cannes and Menton. At Bellagio, on the Lake of Como, when the wind was from the south, (that is, from the inhabited parts of Italy,) the air was thick and hazy and the distant hills invisible; then he counted 333,000 dust particles per cubic inch. But when the wind was from the north, the air was clear and brilliant, with scarcely any perceptible haze on the hills, and the number was reduced to 13,000. A difference between 16,000 and 100,000 made the difference between a clear and thick atmosphere, when the depression of the wet bulb thermometer was the same on both occasions.

After a considerable number of observations—and each one tabulated is the average of ten separate enumerations—Mr. Aitken came to the conclusion that increase in the number of dust particles, accompanied by constant humidity, is accompanied by a decrease in transparency, i.e., by increase of haze, and that increase in humidity is accompanied by an increase of haze if the number of dust particles remains constant.

But his most important observations were made on the Rigi Kulm, in Switzerland. On his first visit the weather was clear, and he counted 33,000 dust particles to the cubic inch as the maximum; whereas, on his second visit the air was thick, and he counted five times that number. This thick haze was not due to humidity, for the wet bulb was depressed 10 degrees, hence the air was very dry, and the dulness was due to the increase of dust particles. On looking down from the height to the valleys below, the air was thick and black-looking. Sometime before sunset the air was so thick that the lower slopes of Pilatus were scarcely visible. There was a dense haze between the observer and the mountains, as if a veil were hung between him and the distant scenery. The rays of the setting sun became colored, as if in late autumn—the observation was on May 15, 1890—the upper limit was well defined, and through the haze the sun looked like a harvest moon, requiring no eagle eye to gaze at it.—[Longman's Magazine.

Tipperusalem City.

That thriving settlement, Tipperusalem City, Oklahoma, has a curious name, and an even more curious history. Tipperusalem was founded last year by Timothy P. Grady and Colonel H. M. Kaufman, upon whose holdings it was built. Now Mr. "Tim" Grady is a steadfast Irishman, while Colonel Kaufman is proud of an ancestry which followed Moses to the Promised Land. Mr. McGrady wanted to call the new city after his old home—Tipperary. Col. Kaufman was equally anxious to name it Jerusalem. A squabble resulted, and for a time it seemed as though the town was going to be divided into two distinct municipalities. Finally, however, a settlement was effected. Young Pat Grady fell in love with Rebecca Kaufman, and through their interference the old men shook hands and agreed to compromise matters by calling the place "Tipperusalem." Thus it will remain until some fool-ordinance people come along and change it.

It Costs Money to Stop a Train.

"It costs just 70 cents to stop a train," says a conductor. "And for that reason the average commuter train does not pay running expenses. Take our line just as far as Sharon, for instance. It is just about sixteen miles from the city and is the sixteenth stop for a commuter train. That makes the cost of stopping trains 70 cents a mile. The average commuter rate is two-thirds of a cent a mile. So you see to pay the cost of stopping trains alone we must carry about a hundred passengers over every mile. Then there are the other regular running expenses. The engine consumes an extra half ton of coal every time we stop at Gano or the grade above Sharon. I tell you, when I figure up the running expenses of one of these trains I congratulate myself that I am on a salary and do not own a railroad."—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Vegetable Fly.

One of the most curious natural productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, and insect about the size and color of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance above the surface of the ground. By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full growth; these ripen and drop off in August. Instead of containing seeds, as one would naturally suppose, these pods have from three to six small hard worms upon the interior.—[Rural Collaborator

THE American Cotton and Wool Reporter has begun an interesting experiment in Maine, it being an attempt to make mutton sheep husbandry profitable on abandoned farms. Six deserted homesteads, comprising about 420 acres of fairly good land, have been purchased, and will be heavily stocked with native ewes and thoroughbred Hampshire rams. The farm will be conducted by a scientific breeder and agriculturist, who will make reports from time to time of the progress of the undertaking, and the result will be awaited with interest by down-East farmers.

The cat is called kat in Danish and Dutch, katt in Swedish, chat in French, katti or katze in German, catus in Latin, gatto in Italian, gato in Portuguese and Spanish, kot in Polish, kots in Russian, keti in Turkish, cath in Welch, kath in Cornish, catua in Basque, and gaz or katz in Armenian.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Every Great Fortune Made by Some Short Road to Wealth.

The desire to see something of the famous mining region of the Rocky Mountains led me, several years ago, to pass a portion of my summer vacation in the vicinity of the world renowned Comstock Mines. While idling about and absorbing, as it were, information through the pores of my skin, a similarity of tastes brought me into daily contact with one of the Flood, Mackey & O'Brien syndicate of Bonanza Kings, and the inelegant but forceful philosophy of this great accumulator of wealth made a lasting impression upon my mind.

Sitting one evening in his room and enjoying at once his quaint humor and his fragrant Havana, I remarked, "Captain, one of the old proverbs recites that 'there is no short road to wealth,' but you have found one. You are still a young man, comparatively, and are quoted a multi-millionaire." "Yes," he said, "and of all the untrue savings some of the proverbs, popularly supposed to embody the wisdom of the ages, are the most false and misleading. Look, for a moment, over the list of wealthy men whose fortunes amount to $50,000 and upward, and point out to me, if you can, one single individual who has not acquired his money by some short road to wealth."

"The days of man are few, and time is not given in this age of the world for men to accumulate much wealth except by means of special openings, and by taking advantage of the nigh cuts." "You may be right," I said, "but where one man succeeds in reaching his goal by a cross country road, do not the many fail?" "No," said he, "Didn't I see you starting out yesterday by the main road to the camp on the other side of the mountain?" "Yes," I said. "Well," he replied, "you could have taken the trail over the hills, saved probably two hours' walking, and reached the camp in absolute safety and certainty, only you did not know of the trail. It is just so in business, the man that wants to travel with an ox team and ride in the wagon, must go by the big road, while the fellow who goes by the trail will get there first, and if there is only one supper to be had at the station the cross country traveler is the one who will eat it. Take my own experience, which is simply an illustration of the way every fortune has been made. I was keeping a little store here and barely 'making tongue and buckle meet,' when I had an opportunity to get hold of a block of stock in the then infant Comestock Mines. 'I chewed it over' for three days and decided to take it in, and that move lead naturally to all that I have done since, and proved the foundation of my fortune. I bought more stock, as I had money; bought stock in other good mines, and before I knew it I was well fixed." "But," I said, "prices here are so high that there is little chance for a man of small means." "That's true," he replied, "but there are plenty of good properties about here, and their success is only a question of means and good management. Then, too, if you want to do something in mines, I will tell you of a field where you can do better than here, and one that in my opinion is the best on the American continent. I should have gone myself to it if I had not been so heavily interested here that I could not get away. I refer to the gold region of North Georgia. There is the first, and, as I said before, I think the best mining region in this country." "Why," I said, "is not more heard about it?" "Because," he replied, "planting was the great absorbing industry of the South before the war. That region during the war was the battle ground, and miners were forced into the West, where, in the meantime, the centre of the industry has become established. In Georgia you can get hold of mines on the basis of $100,000 that in the West would be worth a million, and to make them successful you only need money to operate and efficient management. There you can work out doors every day in the year; labor which is high here is cheap there; fuel and water are abundant, and the ores generally in larger bodies, equally as rich or richer than ours, and the cost of mining, owing to the softer walls about the veins and lower wages, is less than one-quarter of the cost for the same work here."

Naturally I was interested to look up the history of the Comstock, and I found that stock quoted at $8.50 per share in the early days of operations, sold soon after as high as $1.18 per share, and that upwards of $300,000,000 were paid out in dividends to shareholders.

To a knowledge of these facts, and a subsequent thorough acquaintance with the Georgia gold region, which my friend, the Captain, has not overestimated, may be directly attributed the formation of the Atlanta Gold Mining Company.

The company has carefully selected its property, has placed in management of the same men of experience, tried in the business, and now places before you the opportunity to secure some of its shares at fifty per cent. of their par value, or $5.00 per share. The money you pay for these shares will be used in erecting complete and suitable reduction mills, and the officers of the company feel sure that at the same time that you are furnishing the funds to put the property upon a paying basis; you will be planting your own feet upon one of these "short roads to wealth" which have enabled every rich man in this country to reach his present position.

The stock is fully paid up and non-assessable; the total amount of stock is $100,000, and $50,000 of this amount is devoted to the uses of the treasury of the company.

The company has reserved the right to advance the price of its shares without formal notice, and the demand for stock is such that an advance is now in contemplation, but is not as yet ordered.

The Southern Banking and Trust Co., of Atlanta, Ga., one of the strongest financial institutions in the South, acts as transfer agent for the company, and to it all orders for stock should be addressed, accompanied either with New York exchange or post-office money order for the number of shares ordered at $5 each.

The mole can swim excellently and it often drinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

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The Laugh of a Child.

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.—Colonel Ingersoll.

Sample Package Mailed Free.
Address *Small* Bile Beans, New York.

The New Zealand Government proposes starting a silk industry in its northern districts.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility, *Small* Bile Beans, 25c. per bottle.

The Salvation Army are about to build a headquarters for Ireland at Belfast, to cost $40,000.

Guaranteed.

We are willing to stand the loss. If you buy a bottle of Bile Beans *Small* and do not get double value write us and we will cheerfully refund your money. J. F. SMITH & Co., New York, N. Y.

Clusters of clover, if hung in a room and left to dry and shed their perfume through the air, will drive away flies.

Melancholy promptly relieved by *Small* Bile Beans.

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DYSPEPSIA, impaired digestion, weak stomach, and constipation will be instantly relieved by Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The new testament was first printed in Irish in 1602.

FOR Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

It cost the present Emperor of China $10,000,000 to get married.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A colored man lives longer in the South than he does in the North.

FOR impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

Steps are being taken to establish a council of agriculture in Tasmania.

RUPTURE CAN SURELY BE CURED

The following are only a few names of the many hundreds that have been cured of rupture by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch Street, Phila.

Dr. J. B. Mayer—Dear Sir: You cured me of a bad case of Rupture over 4 years ago, have not used a truss or anything since and feel well and strong. Yours truly, ISRAEL SAMPEY, Main St., South Easton, Pa.

Dr. J. B. Mayer cured me of Rupture over 4 years ago and I am sound to-day. D. J. DELANEY, JR., 214 S. 12th St., Reading, Pa.

Over 6 years ago Dr. J. B. Mayer cured me perfectly of a severe rupture. L. P. DETURCK, Jr., Oley, Berks Co., Pa.

I never had any trouble with my Rupture since Dr. J. B. Mayer cured me 6 years ago. JOHN WALKER, 2035 N. 5th St., Philadelphia.

I was thoroughly cured of my Rupture 4 years ago by Dr. J. B. Mayer and have done the hardest kind of work ever since. J. GEISSENHEIMER, Box 79, Clayton, N. J.

Dr. J. B. Mayer, Phila., cured my son 4 years ago of a severe Rupture after many other doctors failed to do him any good whatever. WM. A. McCLOSKEY, 1625 Montrose St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I was ruptured 28 years; over 6 years ago Dr. Mayer entirely cured me. I have worked hard ever since, am well and sound to-day. W. H. HARTUNG, New Ringgold, Pa.

I had been a sufferer for 8 years with a double Rupture. Dr. J. B. Mayer entirely cured me 8 years ago and I have felt well ever since. J. G. QUIMBY, 30 Penn Street, Reading, Pa.

Seven years ago I was entirely cured of a severe rupture by Dr. J. B. Mayer and have had no trouble since. I have been examined by our best physicians; they claim mine can not be made a perfect cure. I am a stone-mason and work all the time. H. U. STANLEY, 624 Spruce street, Lebanon, Pa.

About 8 years ago I took treatment for Rupture by Dr. Mayer and he has made a perfect cure of my case and I recommend all that are afflicted to call on him. A. SCHNEIDER, Locust Dale, Pa.

Dr. J. B. Mayer cured me of a bad case of Rupture seven years ago. I am sound to-day and work in a stone quarry. DANIEL B. WOLL, Limekiln P. O., Berks County, Pa.

After Dr. Mayer cured me of a Rupture, I was examined by Dr. F. B. Weiler, of Pottstown, Pa., for membership in P. A. R. R. Relief Asso., and he pronounced me cured and as strong as if I had never been Ruptured. C. A. DETURCK, Birdsboro, Pa.

After I had been pronounced by many physicians as an incurable case of Rupture, Dr. J. B. Mayer made a perfect cure, and words cannot express my thanks to him. I worked hard while under his treatment. Call to see him. W. M. LEINBACH, 624 Washington street, Reading, Pa.

Six years ago Dr. J. B. Mayer cured my son of severe Rupture. I am satisfied he would have been a cripple for life if it had not been for Dr. Mayer's treatment. He is sound and strong to-day. J. C. LYNE, 1310 West Howard street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Four years ago you cured me of a bad Rupture. I worked ever since at housekeeping and I am well and strong. H. L. ROWE, 330 Elm st., Reading, Pa.

Over 8 years ago I was cured of a very bad Rupture by Dr. Mayer. One year ago I was examined by Dr. Whitner, of the P. A. R. Co., and he said the cure was perfect. G. BURKHARD, 629 Locust St., Reading, Pa.

I am perfectly sound and strong ever since Dr. J. B. Mayer cured my Rupture 6 years ago and cannot be too thankful that I have found the man that can cure it. CALVIN C. KERN, Douglasville, Berks Co., Pa.

Having been cured by Dr. J. B. Mayer of Rupture 10 years ago, it affords me pleasure to confirm the fact. Had an exceptional case. I am a carpenter and lost no time while under his treatment. Call on the doctor and get well. CHAS. SMITH, 612 Greenwich St., Phila.

Call and see the hundreds of testimonials the Doctor has at his office, 811 ARCH ST., Phila. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Advice free. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., on the second Saturday of each month to give treatment.

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Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

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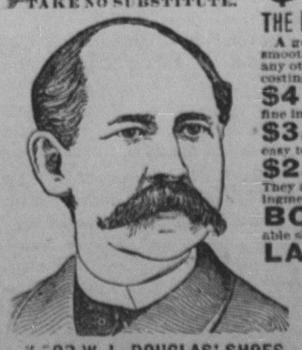

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$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $6 to $12.

$3. 50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2. 50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

BOYS' $2 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' $3 Hand-Sewed, $2.50, $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas' name and, the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

Take no other, stating kind, size and width wanted, plain or cap toe, when ordering by mail. Postage free. Catalogue free.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. SEPS. 15.

THE RACKET.

THE FIRST SPRINKLING

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Special attention is called to the genuine Broadhead Worsteds and all-wool Serges, for which we have exclusive sale.

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Representing the famous houses of Rothchild and Julius Stein. We sell these goods like everything else in the store at one price and that the lowest.

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Immense stock. Prices often half of regular. In ladies' fine shoes, representing exclusively in Bellefonte the Curtis and Wheeler specialties.

Too Much to Talk About,

KOM AND C.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL.

——Tuesday Sept. 20, is the date for the "Silver King."

——Mr. and Mrs. John Wolf, of Rebersburg, were the guests of Mr. Wm. Wolf's family on Monday.

——Mr. Witmer Smith and sister Grace, of Williamspoat, arrived on Saturday, having come to attend the picnic.

——Mrs. Vance McCormick and children, of Sunbury, arrived on Saturday for a visit with Mrs. McCormick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reesman.

——Mr. Will Kurtz and family, and Mrs. Krissinger, of Berlin, Somerset county, arrived here Thursday last, on a visit to relatives, and will remain some weeks with the families of Rev. Fischer and Mr. F. Kurtz.

——Mrs. John Mullen and children, of Renova, are visiting friends in Centre Hall.

——Charles T. Noll, manager of Bellefonte Telephone Company, placed a phone in headquarters at Grange Park on Saturday and spent the day in Centre Hall.

——Mr. Samuel Homan, one of Farmers Mills' prominent citizens gave the REPORTER office a call last week.

——Bun Philson, of Berlin, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. E. Fischer. He is taking in the patrons' picnic.

——Rev. Dr. E. J. Wolf, of Gettysburg, and his brother John Wolf, of Miles, accompanied by their aged mother, paid their brother William Wolf, of our town a visit this week.

——Misses Carrie and Maude Lent, of Lock Haven, are attending the picnic this week, and are the guests of Captain George Boal's family.

——Mrs. Homer O. Barr, of Jeanette, Westmoreland county, is visiting at the home of her father, Mr. Jacob Harpster.

"S S."

You often see it —"State of Pennsylvania, county of Centre, 'ss.'" It is to be found at the beginning of acknowledgements and other legal documents, but not one in a dozen can tell you what that cabalistic "ss." is for. To be short and to the point, the abbreviation is a contraction, of the Latin word "scilicet," which is also a contraction, having originally been written as "scire lictte," neither of which you will note has more than one "s." The word entire, or in its abbreviated state, is equivalent to the old English "to wit," still widely used the design of both being simply to call particular attention to what follows.

Some Running.

The mileage of the engines of the Eastern division of the P. & E. Railroad for the month of August was one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred miles, the largest in the history of the company. This means that fifteen hundred trains passed between Sunbury and Renova during the month.

A Relic of the Revolution.

While excavating for a foundation for a dancing platform in the grove a mile east of Schuylkill Haven, on Saturday, a body was unearthed dressed in a continental uniform. He had side arms and a flintlock musket, all in excellent preservation. The body was wrapped in a blanket lined with some material supposed to be a tar cloth.

Streams Low.

The streams throughout the county are very low at present, owing to the small rainfall the last month or more. Some creeks and streams are so low that they cannot be called by the name any more.

A New Bank.

It is said that a number of Bellefonte and Tyrone capitalists contemplate starting a National bank at Philipsburg.

THE PICNIC.

LARGE CROWDS DAILY IN ATTENDANCE.

The Patrons Picnic Opens On Monday in Grange Park. Over One Thousand Campers.

The nineteenth annual Patrons Picnic and Exhibition commenced on Monday, 12th inst. and will continue for one week, closing on Saturday next. Preparations have been made and arrangements completed for the holding of the picnic at Centre Hall in Grange Park, for several weeks past. Considerable labor was expended in putting the grounds in shape, and by Monday morning nearly all had been completed. The grangers have had a number of men employed getting the grounds in shape for the opening. Several improvements were made to the buildings on the grounds and they look creditable.

The tents arrived from the state arsenal on Thursday and they were at once erected. Over two hundred and fifty tents were erected and occupants began to move in as early as Friday in order to spend a few days in getting a taste of camp life. On Friday and Saturday there was a constant stream of wagons passing through Centre Hall, loaded down with camp equipage and the occupants.

On Sunday there were probably one thousand tenters on the grounds and the park that day presented an animated scene.

Religious services were held in the large tent by the Centre Hall ministers, who preached there instead of occupying their regular pulpits.

In the morning Rev. Fischer delivered a discoruse to a large audience and it was an able sermon. Rev. Baskerville, pastor of the Presbyterian church, preached in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, and his well-prepared sermon was hearkened to by a large audience. In the evening Rev. Eisenberg occupied the pulpit and the tent was crowded. Specially prepared music was rendered by the choirs and it was fine.

A large number of visitors drove to the grounds on Sunday and a constant stream of buggies and carriages passed through the town. There was probably over two thousand people on the ground on Sunday. All that was lacking to make it one of the usual order was the crying of fakers and the open shops. The day was fine and the weather neither too warm or cold.

Monday morning all was bustle and stir about the grounds. The trains came heavily loaded with baggage and camp utensils, and with them came a number of people. Everybody was busy preparing and erecting stores and exhibits.

The day was rather cool and for sightseeing, few people were in attendance. The day was devoted entirely to fixing up and preparing for Tuesday.

Tuesday morning opened gloomy and damp. The special trains coming in brought few people. A slight drizzling rain began falling in the morning and continued all day and until late at night. The mud was deep all over the camp and the green sward was like a sponge. Tramping over the ground was anything but a pleasure and few indulged in it except a few venturesome ones. A high wind accompanied the rain and it did some damage to the tents.

In the afternoon exercises were held in the auditorium, and in the midst of an address to the audience a sudden gust of wind struck the large canvass and blew it down. The audience crept out from under the canvas and dispersed. A few other tents were dismantled but they were soon repaired again.

The outlook for the picnic on Tuesday was blue. The weather predictions stated that there would be rainfall until Wednesday evening and this was cause for a slump in the spirits of fakirs and tenters. Tuesday even'g few people were on the ground. The state weather service have a signal station in front of headquarters and by means of signal flags apprise the people of the probability of the weather.

The rain had ceased by Wednesday morning, but it was very cool. It continued cloudy in the morning but, however, there were a great many people coming in early in the morning and take the chances on the weather. The sun came out about ten o'clock, and the day promised to be fine.

The Aaronsburg band No. 1 furnishes the music for the grangers and plays creditably.

The crowd on Wednesday was not half as large as same day last year, the rain of the previous day and night, no doubt, kept many away.

The exhibit of implements was better than last year. The accommodations for visitors on the ground was an improvement on former years. The fakers and suckers were on hand in numbers about as in previous years.

The opening address of County Deputy, worthy master, Isaac. Frain, was one of the best yet delivered by him. Mr. Frain is a natural born farmer orator, full of good sense and expresses himself in plain and intelligible language, always something of interest to say, and never wearies an audience. He is a practical farmer, well read and intelligent and has that large heartedness which makes the true man.

Another interesting address was that delivered by our young friend, Professor Calvin Neff, who shows the scholar in his production, and he will, no doubt, rise to the front rank in the order of Patrons, where he will prove useful.

Among the foremost exhibits on the grounds will be found the old established house of J. B. Shanon & Sons, dealers in hardware, of Philadelphia. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Victor V. Dorp, who has made annual visits to Centre Hall for a number of years, and without Mr. Dorp the exhibit would seemingly not be complete. The hardware display is one of the most complete on the grounds and all grades and classes of the best hardware are tastily arranged for exhibition to the public. The firm handle only the reliable goods and a purchase cannot go amiss.

CENTENARIAN.

A Centre County Lady to Celebrate Her 100th Year.

Centre county has a lady within its limits who is probably the oldest person living in this section of the state. On Saturday next, September 17th, the lady who will become a centenarian will celebrate this unusual event in a most appropriate manner.

The lady is Mrs. Barger, residing in Curtin township, this county, and first saw the light of day in 1792, and on next Saturday will have reached the one hundred year mark. Her neighbors and friends will celebrate the event by holding a basket picnic near her home. Mrs. Barger is the oldest person residing in this part of the state, and from the present condition of her health she bids fair to live several years yet.

Meeting of Naval Veterans of the U. S. at Baltimore.

The naval veterans of the United States will hold a re-union at Baltimore September 15th to 19th inclusive, and for this occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all points on its lines at one first class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going September 13th to 20th, valid for return until October 10th inclusive, and will permit a stop-off at Philadelphia and Harrisburg and at stations between Harrisburg and Baltimore.

Fourteen Men Were Killed.

Further details of the wreck on the Clearfield and Cambria Railroad, Thursday evening, show that fourteen men were killed. Aside from the engineer and fireman, previously reported, the victims are all Italians who belonged to the work train. Engineer Yoder and Fireman Dunn, of the work train, whose neglect of orders is said to have caused the collision, disappeared and have not yet been found.

Maine Election.

Maine held her election on Tuesday and sends in another straw to show which way the wind blows. The Republicans have carried the state by a greatly reduced majority, which does not bear a good omen for the high tariff folks.

Did you hear the news from Maine?

Repaired Main Street.

Main street, through town, which has been in such a miserable shape the last several months, has been repaired to a certain extent by superintendent Brisbin, and is now in a better condition. The heavy rains during the past season, washed the street badly and driving over it was anything but a pleasure.

Coming Events.

The season for county fairs is now here and in all parts of the state they are being held. In Centre county, the Patrons' picnic at Centre Hall takes the place of the old fair and it is the more popular.

The Union county fair will be held on October 5th to 11th, next. The fair promises to be more interesting than any former year.

Monstrous Lump of Ore.

Monday, September 5th, the men employed at Carnegie's ore mines at Scotia, Centre county, raised without a doubt one of the largest lumps of iron ore ever found anywhere. The dimensions of the lump are as follows: 16½ feet long, 10½ feet wide and 13 feet high, weighing no less than 60,000 pounds, which equals 30 tons.—Bellefonte *Gazette*.

Death of an Ex-Sheriff.

Ex-Sheriff George Alexander died at the home of his daughter in Unionville on last Wednesday, from heart failure. Mr. Alexander served as sheriff of Centre county, being elected on the Republican ticket in 1860, and was a gentleman much respected.

Burned to Death.

The barn on the farm of Mrs. Lizzie Snyder, in Lycoming county, was destroyed by fire last Wednesday. Two children, a boy and a girl, were playing in the haymow when the flames broke out. The girl managed to make her escape but the boy was burned to death.

——You will miss one of the best attractions of the season if you don't see the "Silver King," Sept. 20, in Garmans Opera House.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

The Selling of Sunday Newspapers in Bellefonte Creates a Stir.

Bellefonte religious circles are much agitated over the Sunday newspaper question, and much speculation is indulged in as to the outcome. Bellefonte has no trains on Sunday and the papers are brought from Lock Haven to Bellefonte, a distance of over twenty-five miles, by pony express. The papers are brought and sold through the enterprise of a newsdealer, who sells the papers at a slight advance on the regular price. The ministers from their pulpits have denounced this reckless breaking of the Sabbath day, but we have not heard of them threatening excommunication to any of their members who buy of the newsdealer.

The minister will resurrect the old blue laws of 1794 and have the newsdealer arrested if he persists in pursuing his vocation, and in this move they have one or two followers.

It is a piece of fogyism to oppose the selling of Sunday papers and to us it seems buncomb on the part of the clergy who so strongly oppose the move. The citizens of Bellefonte want the papers and in this day of broader views the sympathy of the public is with the newsdealer.

Mobbed the Train.

The Houtzdale accommodation on Thursday afternoon run over and instantly killed a Hungarian at the sharp curve near Ramey, who was walking on the track in an intoxicated condition. The train was stopped, but feeling that an inquest would have to be held he was left in charge of a few who had gathered at the scene and the train proceeded on to Belsena. The Hungarians in the neighborhood did not think this was the proper thing to do, and when the train returned to Madera an attack was made on the trainmen, threats of killing being made against the engineer and fireman, both of whom fought bravely from their engine cabin with picks and shovels, thus managing to keep the infuriated Huns at bay until officers arrived on the scene and arrested the ring leaders. The mob held the train for an hour at least, and had their efforts not been foiled, would no doubt have done some ugly work. The ring leaders will be made to answer for their rioting before the Clearfield court.

A Snake Story.

W. C. Grenable, of this city, went out hunting for squirrels. He chose a section of Nittany Valley as his territory, and while strolling the woods, his eyes cast upward on the lookout for a squirrel, his orbs rested on a sight that rather startled him, it was so unusual. It was a blacksnake coiled around the tree at a distance of about forty feet from the ground. The nimrod, who by the way was carrying a Winchester rifle, thought he would shoot at his snakeship, and fired. Down came the snake in three pieces, the coil having been severed. The pieces when put together measured exactly six feet. The above facts were given us by a farmer who was working in a field near by and upon hearing the report knew it to be that of a rifle, went to investigate and saw the reptile.—Lock Haven *Democrat*.

Some Law.

Johnstown *Herald*: At the local election last Spring the Republican tickets cast in the borough of Myersdale did not designate the length of the term for which the various candidates for School Director were chosen. The Republicans were in a majority but on account of the irregularity, the Democratic Inspectors of Election refused to sign the certificates, but the Republican majority on the Board made them out and the Republican members took their seats. The matter was appealed to court and Judge Longenecker filed an opinion outsing the sitting members and giving the offices to the Democrats. This interpretation of the law would indicate that the particular term for which a man is elected must be designated on his ballot.

The Exact Measurement of an Oath.

The exact measurement of an oath, both in money and punishment, was taken in Lebanon on Wednesday. John A. Sattazahn was heard utter nine separate and distinct oaths, "not cuss words, but big oaths," as the prosecutor put it. Alderman Hiller figured out that the community had been damaged $7.67 worth by the prisoner's utterances of at the rate of a fraction less than 85 1-4 cents for each swear. Sattazahan couldn't produce the money, and he was sent to jail for 11 days, or at the rate of 29½ hours imprisonment for each offense.

New School Building.

The school directors of Potter township have erected a new school building at Earlystown. The old one was too small to accommodate the pupils and had become dilapidated, and the directors erected a handsome new one, much larger and with a few conveniences.

Died of Diphtheria.

A daughter of Mr. Joseph Tanyer, died at the home of her parents on Friday, near Pine Grove Mills, of that dreaded disease diphtheria.

FATED PARDEE.

THE TRAM ROAD ADDS ANOTHER NAME TO THE DEATH ROLL.

Charles Heimbach, Engineer of the Dinkey, Meets With an Accident which Results in His Death.

Another fated accident occurred at Pardee last Thursday evening which resulted in the death of the engineer of the dinkey.

Charles Heimbach was engineer on the dinkey and while running on engine over tram road last Thursday evening, at a dangerous point in the road the ties gave way from beneath the engine and in an instant the dinkey and the engineer were crashing over an embankment through the trees.

Heimbach was almost instantly killed and the dinkey a broken and twisted mass of iron. The accident occurred so suddenly that Heimbach was unable to jump from the engine and he went down with it to his death.

Pardee is a fated locality, and a number of men have been killed by accidents occurring on this tram road and in the mountains. A large amount of lumber is shipped from the station and the getting out of lumber is the principal industry of the place. Last week the press recorded a fatal accident occurring there and again this week anothers occurs. The tram road has furnished the greater number of accidents which resulted fatally, and seriously injuring several.

A Burned Child Dreads the Fire.

The mass meeting of miners at the public square yesterday was not a success. Barely one hundred and fifty persons assembled to listen to the frantic appeals to join the National Association of Miners and Mine Laborers made by M. A. Crawford, Esq., Hon. James McBride, and District Master Workman Joseph Williams. All the mines in the district were shut down to allow the men to attend the meeting, but they evidently are not in favor of joining the national body, and expressed their disapproval by remaining away from the meeting. The miners of this region have an organization of their own called the Checkweighman's association, and have a fund of several thousand dollars in their treasury which is constantly growing. In case they ever wanted to strike they could stand out on their own money manage their own strike and are not bound to contribute to the support of strikes in any other region. This condition of affairs does not suit the national association, who look with longing eyes on tne fund in the Philipsburg treasury which they cannot touch or control, and hence this desperate effort to bring the Philipsburg men into the association. But the Philipsburg men have been caught two or three times and have grown wise by dear experience. And they are right, too.—Philipsburg *Ledger*.

To Whom It Belongs.

An exchange that seems to have had a close examination of the subject says: "Ownership extends to the centre of the highway, and while the owner is bound to keep it clear for the free passage of the general public, yet his rights and control are not otherwise limited. Persons removing fruit from the trees that may stand in, or over-hang the highway, without the consent of the owner, are as liable to persecution as though they had taken the fruit from a bin in the owner's cellar. The owner is also entitled to whatever grass may grow along the roadside. In short it is his property for every purpose, except that he is bound to keep it open for the traveling public. It may be well enough for parties who think differently to look the matter up a bit before they take too many liberties along the public highway."

A Ghost Story.

The people living in the neighborhood of Carrolltown, Cambria county, are talking of little else just now than a phantom train which a dozen citizens declare they saw passing through the Strittmotter tunnel, which has just been opened. This train, they aver, whistled, puffed and groaned like an ordinary train, and then, with a great roar, as though in a mighty collision, vanished. The superstitious think the phantom train is a warning of a terrible accident that will take place on the new road.

Blasting the Rock.

The contractors who are putting down the sewer for the bank building, find hard digging and have to resort to heavy blasts to enable them to lay the sewer pipes. The sewer has been laid at a depth of about six feet and are running it back and down the alley, a distance of several hundred feet.

The Mains Down.

Water manager Luse has made all connections to the new water main laid on Church street and the residents at that end are now better supplied than ever with aqua pura.

Her Home Blighted.

Charged by Mrs. Harry Rodgers, of Bellefonte, with stealing her husband's love and monopolizing him generally, Mrs. Mary Casper and Rodgers were locked in the Johnstown jail.

NEW BALLOT LAW.

Acts That Subject the Offender to Severe Punishment.

There are some things, which, if done, will, under the new ballot law, subject the offender to punishment. Here are the offenses against the law as culled from section 31 to 35:

Allowing a ballot to be seen; with apparent intention of showing marks.

Cast or attempting to cast an unofficial ballot, or one improperly obtained.

Interfering with voters.

Inducing voters to show ballot.

Uncovering numbers.

Defacing, destroying or removing official lists of candidates, cards of instruction, specimen ballots or supplies for marking.

Hindering voters.

Forging, defacing, destroying or suppressing nomination certificates or papers or letters of withdrawal.

Filing false certificates or papers or letters. Signing nomination papers when not qualified.

Forging endorsements to ballots.

Destroying, defacing or delaying the delivery of ballots.

Willful or negligent non-performance or mis-performance of official duty.

Willful misfeasance of printer of ballots.

Appropriation or improper disposition of ballots by printers.

Having ballots possession outside of voting room.

Counterfeiting ballots or having counterfeits in possession.

Violating any provision of the act.

A Fire in Nittany Valley.

The large barn on the farm of Elias Snyder, in Nittany Valley, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday night of last week. The fire was discovered about ten o'clock and by midnight the barn and most of the contents were in ruins. The contents included all of this year's crop of grain and the wheat crop raised on the farm last year, estimated to be about 1,000 bushels in all.

Union County Deaths.

In Kelly township, on the 29th, of August, Elizabeth Leiby, aged 71 years 10 months and two days.

In Buffalo township, on the 28th of August, Daniel Mook, aged about 90 years.

Death from Croup.

Harry, a bright four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Musser, of Millheim, died on Tuesday morning, 6th inst., of membranous croup.

——The "Silver King," is not a wild west show, but a drama pure and clean with plenty of Comedy and is guaranteed to please or money refunded.

——Boom-de-ay. Subscribe for the REPORTER for the campaign.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

New wheat	75
Wheat	80
Rye	65
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	20
Eggs	15
Lard	7
Shoulders	9
Ham	12
Tallow	
Potatoes	30
Sides	9

AUDITORS NOTICE.—THE AUDITOR appointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of John J. Arney one of the executors of Jacob Arney, late of Potter township, deceased, and to make distribution of the balance in his hands, to and among those entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office at Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 27th day of September, 1892, at ten o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper or be debarred from making claim on said fund.

D. F. FORTNEY,
septs-4t Auditor.

Serges . .

Serges for the coming season are strictly in it; we have same in different weaves and weights.

All the late styles in Dress Goods at popular prices.

Three cents for a cake of regular five-cent Toilet Soap.

Have you seen our new patterns in Satines?

Canton Flannels—best values—at lowest prices.

Samples of goods sent for your asking.

Silkalenes—Laces and Heavy Curtins—and all the fixings.

We are sole agents for Bellefonte for the W. C. C. Corsets—the finest in the world for the price.

Have you tried "Garman's Pride" Corsets at 50c?

Hemp Rope for Banners, Rugs, Tables, etc.

CORSETS

Large stock of Umbrellas—new shapes in Handles.

Our 15c (boxed) Writing Paper is the equal of that of many places that ask 15c a box.

Bicycles sold on the easy payment plan. None but high grade wheels.

Two pairs of fine black or cream colored hose for 25c—or 13c per pair.

Garmans.